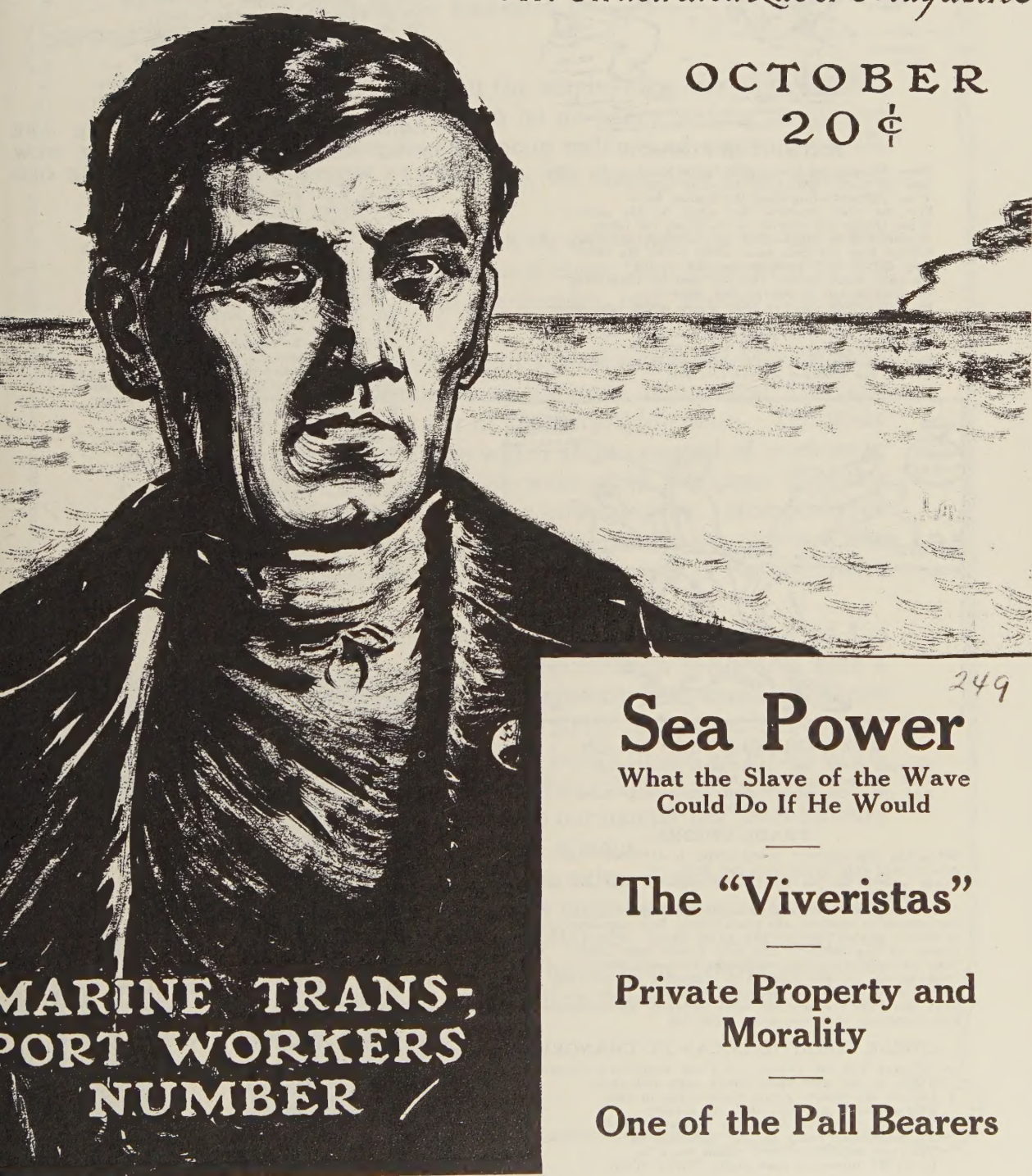


The Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine

OCTOBER

20 ¢



Sea Power ²⁴⁹

What the Slave of the Wave
Could Do If He Would

The "Viveristas"

Private Property and
Morality

One of the Pall Bearers

MARINE TRANS-
PORT WORKERS
NUMBER /

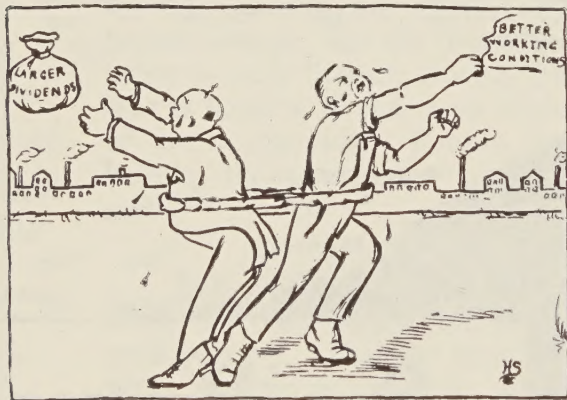
Rhymes on the Preamble

By VERA MÖLLER



NOTHING IN COMMON.

Have the gorged beast with fresh blood on its claws
And its torn victim any common aim?
What fellow-feeling does the hunter have
For the wild creature that shall be his game?
What thinks the master as he views his slave,
Whose aching muscles strain beneath the load,
Except how far that slave shall serve his ends,
How far it shall avail to use the goad?
He that must starve and toil and he that lives
On other's toil in luxury and ease—
He that would rise, he that would crush him down—
What common object can there be twixt these?
And there can be no peace while millions want
And there is hunger amid those who do
Earth's useful toil, while the good things of life
Are in the clutches of the idle few.



THE STRUGGLE MUST GO ON

Between these two the struggle must go on
Until the workers of the world arise
And claim the world; until within their grasp
All the machinery of production lies.

TRADE UNIONS.

When the management of industries is centered in few hands
And passes into fewer still, we find
Trade unions can no more cope with the master's growing
power
And change has left old methods far behind;
For groups of workers are transformed into opposing forces
In labor's ranks until, in the wage war,
Unions in one industry but help defeat each other;
They grapple hands that made the roof and floor,
Trade unions aid the masters in spreading the delusion,
They preach to all the victims they despoil,
That there are common interests between the men who labor
And parasites who live upon their toil.

THESE CONDITIONS CAN BE CHANGED.

Through but one course can these conditions change,
There is one way alone that's safe and sure;
Let all the unions group themselves in one,
The worker's interests shall be secure;
So when one union fights the master's greed,
All men must cease to toil, not only in
That one industry, but if needs must be,
In EVERY union, so each strike MUST WIN.

THE ABOLITION OF THE WAGE SYSTEM.

Instead of the craven motto on our banner:
"A fair day's labor for a fair day's pay,"
Inscribe the revolutionary watchword,
"Abolish the wage system." Clear the way.

THE HISTORIC MISSION OF THE WORKING CLASS.

'Tis the historic mission of the workers
To do away with capitalism's sway,
To organize, not only for the struggle
That must be waged with greed from day to day,
But to prepare to carry on production
When capitalism's bloody reign is o'er;
When all industry is controlled by workers,
Then slaves and tyrants shall exist no more.

BY ORGANIZING INDUSTRIALLY WE ARE FORMING THE STRUCTURE OF THE NEW SOCIETY WITHIN THE SHELL OF THE OLD

Work hard, work fast, erect the new
Till higher, hour by hour,
Above old walls that sag and sway,
The fair new walls shall tower.
The worms that breed in rot eat through
The old walls sham and gilding,
They sway and totter to their fall;
Keep building, building, building.

Till ringing o'er the master's boasts,
His threats, the mob's wild clamors,
Shall come the sound of stone on stone,
The steady beat of hammers.
The death's head grins o'er crumbling walls
Where blood stains glare through gilding,
They echo to men's shrieks and groans;
Keep building, building, building.

What tho' they tear you from your task;
Go into prison singing
While other workers take your place
And keep the hammers ringing;
From the vibrations of the blows
That ring beneath your hand,
The tyrant's structure shall collapse
And your's alone shall stand.
In vain men prop up crumbling walls
And hide their rot with gilding;
The world's salvation lies where YOU



Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World



THE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

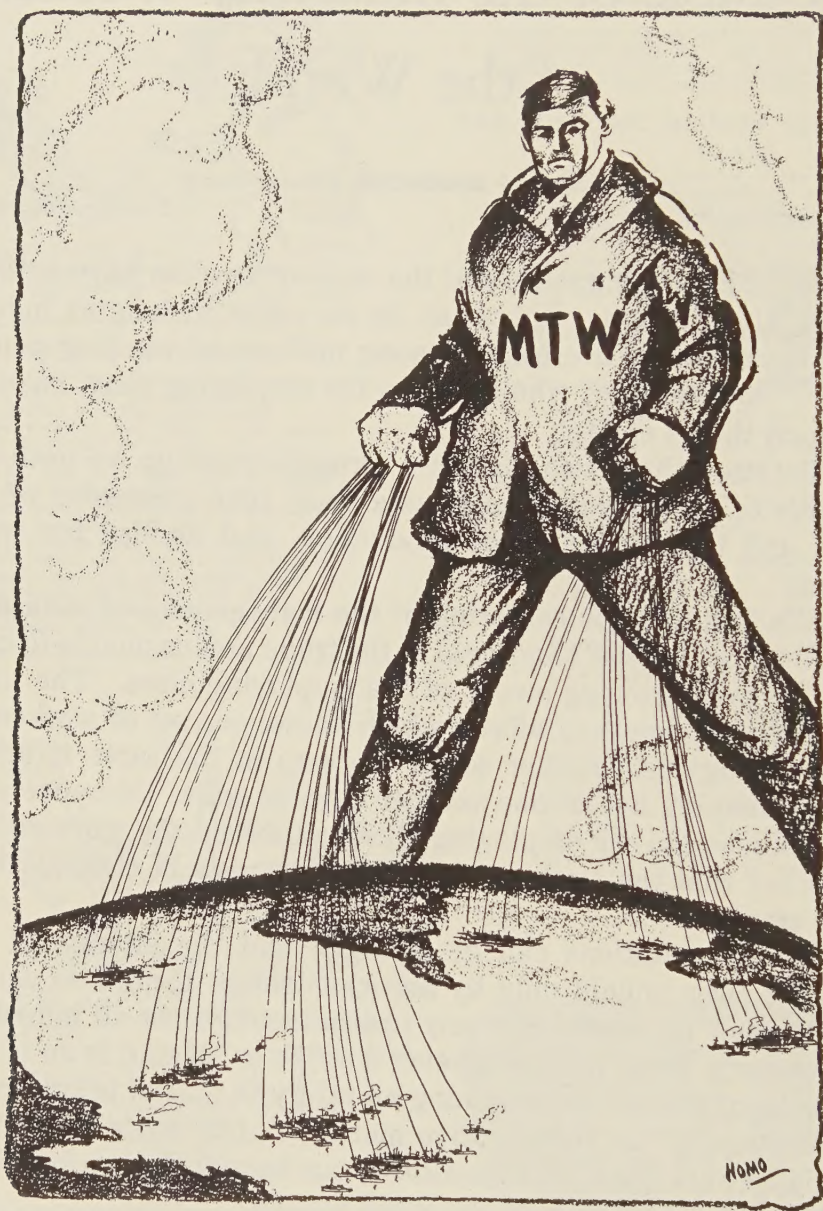
Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



All the Power He Needs
If He Would Only Use It

THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by VERN SMITH

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OCTOBER, 1924.

No. 6.

Sea Power

By VERN SMITH

SECTION I—CAPITALISM COMES IN SHIPS

THE ship is the first peculiarly capitalistic tool. Those germs of capitalism referred to by Marx and Engels and other historical materialists as having existed long before the real reign of capital are almost all of them incubated in the holds of ships.

The ship, even the earliest ship, fulfills completely the requirements that Engels lays down as necessary in the machinery which is well enough developed to be the basis of a machine made capitalist structure of society.

In the sense in which a ship is a producer of capitalism, and in the sense in which I have used the word here, a larger structure than a one-man-power boat or canoe is meant. The ship, as early as 3,000 B. C., was a social machine, with a crew, and a certain amount of division of labor between navigators, sailors, oarsmen, pilots, military officers, and soldiers. In this respect of requiring a crew to manage it, the men who work upon it producing none of them a personal product, but all co-operating to a common end, producing a common product, namely an ocean voyage by the whole ship, even an Egyptian galley simulated the most modern of machines for large scale manufacture. There was "social production coupled with private distribution of profit and product"—co-operation in production, with the owner of the tool, not the workers who operated it, getting the product.

Could It Have Been Better?

There is no way to tell whether, if ships had been invented during periods of primitive communism, they might not have been managed communistically, "for use and not for profit," nor whether there might not have been ship meetings of all the workers on board, and ship committees directing all but the technical aspects of the common work, and directing the ends, even to the technical navigation, steering, etc. Something of this sort exists among the joint stock junks on Chinese rivers, where the boat is divided into compartments and

various merchants (some of them deckhands on the junk) store their own product in their own compartments, having each of them an even say as to the course of the voyage, the ultimate destination, etc. I do not know whether this situation improves working conditions for the merchant sailors or not, but it seems as though it should. Of course, they are still merchants, and not primarily workers, and their scheme is not much like what the class-conscious workers of today are trying to achieve. But it seems to have, like so many of the customs and social arrangements of the Chinese, an echo in it of earlier, tribal, communal life, in which classes did not count for much if they existed at all.

As a matter of fact, shipping appeared in Eu-



FIRST TYPE OF SEA GOING VESSEL

Egyptian Galley of 2500 B. C. Photograph of An Inscription. Writing at Top of Picture Indicates All on Board Are Saluting The King. The Double Mast Is Unstepped And Leans On A Rest.

rope, Africa and Western Asia only after the class system was developed, after the military and the priesthood were very much in evidence as the defenders of landed aristocracy, and after division of labor and handicrafts had gone to the point where the merchant was able to function, and to make money.

The ship developed essentially as a trading instrument, a thing in which to carry goods from city to city up and down the great river of Egypt. A raft would float products of southern Egypt down to the mouth of the Nile, but something more was required to go the other way, against the current, and this meant keels, hulls, rudders, oars and sails.

The Sword Writes Its History

The importance of the ship for military purposes was soon discovered, and the military aspects of the ancient galley have been so overdescribed, and so much emphasized, at the expense of the peaceful commerce of the time, that one conducting research into ancient navigation would get the impression that the navies of Egypt, Phoenicia, Greece, Rome and Carthage were entirely war vessels, loaded down with nothing but oarsmen and soldiers, sitting packed like sardines, and with mighty little room for cargo.

This is an error, due to the fact that history for so long a time has been military history, and nothing more. There was plenty of merchant shipping in the ancient times, depending much more on the sail than on oars, though using man-power also, as an auxiliary force. The Greek friezes, and some of the vases (reproductions of which can be seen in the art museums) show long, narrow, many-oared war vessels in pursuit of relatively shorter, wider waisted, fewer-oared merchant ships.

Indeed, the war galley is merely a modification of the merchant ship of the period, as a study of the cargo boats of the Egyptians and Phoenicians will prove. It is interesting in this connection to observe that it was those countries which had long rivers, or short strips of sea, as their easiest means of communication which carried on and evolved shipping. It was not the most warlike nations, even those which bordered on the sea. Assyria and Persia, the most military nations of ancient times, reached the ocean, but since they were great continental powers, depending on agriculture for their sustenance, and on beasts of burden for their internal communications, they added nothing to the improvement of the ship, made no inventions along this line, and depended on the Phoenicians and the Greeks for their military navies.

Where Merchants Rule

All the authorities of the U. S. Naval War College, headed by Mahan himself, have insisted on the essential weaknesses of such "artificial" navies, as compared with the "real" navies of seafaring (commercial trading) peoples. Probably this difference is not so important now, when ships have become something like floating machine shops, but



ROMAN MERCHANT SHIP

Does Not Differ In Type From Greek and Phoenician Merchant Ships. At Times, Oars Were Used For Motive Power. The Men Are Out Of Proportion.

it was important in its day, and shows that the ship is the merchant's invention; he started it, used it, and developed a capitalist society around it. It is quite impossible to imagine the landed aristocrat taking to the water, and abandoning his fortresses and his slave agriculturists for the uncertain life of a tramp captain—and if he did such a thing, he would become a merchant of the seas, anyway.

The great naval powers of antiquity were those nations in which handicrafts were fairly well developed, and which had natural harbors, or were for some reason forced to rely on water for communication between parts of their empire. Egypt and its river has been mentioned. There was China and its two big rivers. There was Phoenicia (Tyre and Sidon) with their good harbors and their position impregnable except by sea. There was Greece, a mass of islands, little peninsulas, and bad mountainous roads, except for the water ways.

Then comes Carthage, a good harbor, with a narrow strip of fertile ground around it, and nothing but desert back of that. Of course the Carthaginians were a commercial people from the first, being a colony of the Phoenicians. The practice of founding colonies on the islands and distant mainlands, followed by Tyre and the Grecian states, increased the necessity of shipping, for communication and for trade, and reacted to develop the ship itself, as it went on longer and longer voyages.

Finally there are the shipping towns of the northern part of Italy, Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, which made themselves independent through their wealth, gained in shipping, and introduced banking, bills of exchange, government by the bourgeois (or citizens), class war between the rich and the poor, and other capitalistic customs, at a time

(1300-1500 A. D.) when the rest of Europe was still pretty much in the feudal period.

Forms and Facts

As proof of the fact that the ship and societies founded on sea-borne commerce are capitalistic, even in a world still largely aristocratic or feudal, it is only necessary to consider their form of government.

It is obvious that the republican (or parliamentary—no real difference between them—) form of government is peculiarly adapted to a commercial, capitalistic people. Where votes are to be the basis of political power, money counts most, and certain arts of the politicians, remarkably like those of a salesman, count secondly. This gives the men with money, especially if they be at the same time business men used to clinching bargains, the real rule of the country; whereas, if birth counted most, and military prowess counted secondly, as in a monarchy or despotism, the possession of money would not necessarily be of immediate advantage in the securing of political power.

Aristocracy and despotism in general are therefore the typical forms of government of landlord states, and republics and parliamentary governments are the typical forms of capitalistic states, even as democracies, the assemblies of the whole people, are the typical forms of government of primitive communities, or tribes.

Now which are the great republics of history? Modern western Europe, and American states, of course, are either republican or parliamentary in form, since all are capitalistic. The only exceptions are the military despotisms of the Fascisti, etc., and that is something else, the breakdown of the state apparatus of capitalism, its decay.

Of the feudal states none were republican or parliamentary except just those Italian cities we have mentioned as sea-powers. There were also some German city states, sea-powers themselves in a small way or given over to manufacturing commodities for sea-trading.

Of the older states, Rome, the Macedonian Empire, Assyria, Persia, the Eastern Asiatic states, all these were aristocratic, agricultural empires—none was republican, except that Rome preserved some of the forms of republicanism from primitive communism through her traders' wars with Carthage, and gave them up when she turned to an agricultural empire.

On the other hand, Carthage, the Greek colonies (independent), the Greek cities, and Phoenicia were all part of the time or all of the time republics, which shows that the capitalist class, the merchants especially, were a strong influence.

Two Phases of Renaissance

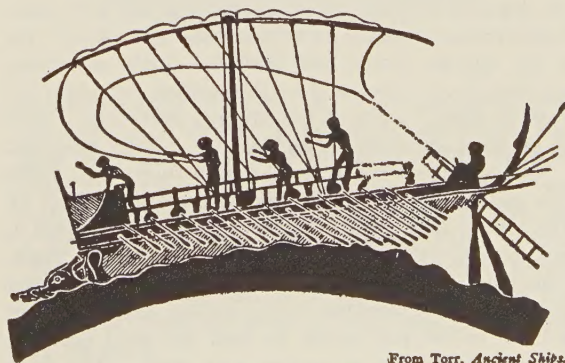
Let us now return to the later middle ages, the period of the renaissance. It is well to be explicit about this renaissance, for there were two phases, the first not much recognized, not as much as it deserves to be. Everybody knows about the

second period, the magnificent outburst of art and letters, of scientific discovery and exploration. That second period was about 1400 to 1500 A. D. But there was an earlier renaissance, which caused the second. It was the revival of invention, as a social force. In fact, it was certain inventions, useful to shipping, and especially useful to navigation, that made the turn from the feudalism of the Teutonic peoples to modern capitalism.

The record of written history from earliest times down to the present, is a story of peoples who start as tribes, with economic classes of little importance, settle down and begin to farm, develop classes, weaken themselves militarily thereby, and succumb to some freer, fresher tribesmen, who then go through the same process. From the time of the pyramids (say 3500 B. C.) to the first glimmer of renaissance (roughly 1100 A. D.), there were no essential, primal invention. There were no new principles discovered. There was a certain amount of development, to be sure, but no single invention of a useful instrument was made to compare in its effects with the invention of the bow and arrow, fire, steam locomotion, or the electric motor. The life of the French or German or English serf in the twelfth century was so similar to the life of the Egyptian peasant of pyramid times, if we think of the tools used, and the methods employed for production of necessities, and the mental processes involved, and was so similar to the life of the intervening peasants of Babylonia, Persia, Greece and Rome, that a description of the social economy of one is almost a perfect description of the social economy of any other. One had no tool and knew nothing that the others did not have and know. Agriculture was non-progressive. The land was far more conservative than the sea, though little real progress was made there, during this period.

Our Forefathers Were Failing

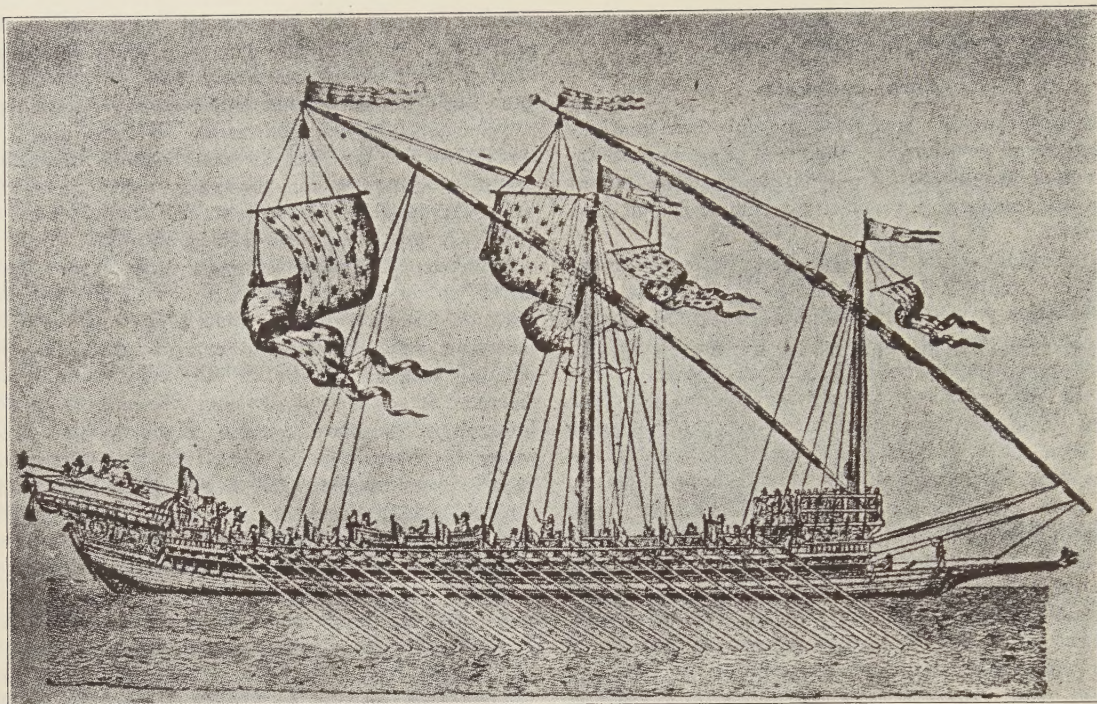
In the twelfth century the Teutonic class society of Europe, which had reared itself on the downtrodden remnants of the Latin class society of Rome, Gaul and Britain, was tottering into its period of decadence. It might have lasted on, slowly degen-



GREEK WAR GALLEY

From Torr, *Ancient Ships*.

This Picture Was Taken From A Vase, and Is More Artistic Than Accurately Proportioned, but The Details Are There. Notice Two Banks of Oars, Two Rudders, and the Ram.



MEDIEVAL WAR GALLEY

This Is A Mediterranean Ship. Until After the Invention of the Compass the Mediterranean Sea Was the Scene of the Evolution of Shipping.

erating as the Roman Empire lasted and degenerated, for five hundred or a thousand years, but would have sooner or later collapsed before some fresh blooded swarm of, perhaps Slavs or Mongols. The Huns, a Mongolian people, seemed to be hitting it hardest about the time of the first crusades, which is about the time of that revival of invention which preceded what is usually called "The Renaissance."

Now this first renaissance, which changed the course of history, and threw social evolution out of its rut, bringing in capitalism, as a transition stage from primitive communism to the industrial commonwealth of the future, was chiefly due to the ship. In order to explain just how and why, it is necessary to take a brief glance at the evolution of the ship itself.

SECTION II—EVOLUTION OF THE SHIP

It is supposed that the keels of ships evolved from the center plank or log in a raft (which was sometimes bigger than the others), that the side planks of ships came from the fence around the raft platform, or from planks or shields used as bulwarks on a big dugout canoe, and that the ship's ribs have evolved from bars used to strengthen the sides of "sewed ships," such as the Madras surf boat. This is all pure speculation, and sounds a little fanciful.

But we know the Egyptian ship fairly well from the pictures in the tombs, from the descriptions of Herodotus and other Greek writers. It carried a square sail with yards, and tackle for raising them. The mast was in two pieces, stepped apart at the bottom, lashed together in the middle, and separated a little at the top, again, to hold the yard between them. There was an upper, spar deck. The boat carried 20 to 26 oars on a side, in one bank, and had a raised bow and stern, and a ram (above water) for attack on other boats. There were four or five

paddles joined together for steering, and they were worked by a tiller. We have pictures of boats carrying cattle.

These ships made trips out of the river Nile into the Mediterranean. They sailed as far as Crete, on which Egypt had a colony.

The Phoenicians made the ship larger, primarily for Mediterranean rather than river usage. As early as 900 B. C. they had decked ships, and especially they invented the bireme and trireme, the galleys with the rowers seated 'tween decks, and with one row of oars above another. This was the type of vessel, especially used for war, for at least two thousand years. The scheme by which the rowers managed to sit one above another and still have leverage for their oars, was a very ingenious one, not discovered again until 1834 when the records and plans of an Athenian shipyard were unearthed. The arranging of oars in "banks was done by seating each

(Continued on page 43)

From a Man in Prison to a Good Christian

When Eugene Barnett took his stand with the I. W. W. in their great struggle with the Lumber Barons in Washington state, he knew he was subject to persecution. Probably it did not surprise him much to find himself framed up along with seven other fellow workers, and placed in Walla Walla Penitentiary for his alleged conspiracy to defend the I. W. W. hall in Centralia against a murderous mob of Legionnaires.

But he did not, probably, expect to be gassed at long range by bible sharks. We are giving you his answer to one of them—you can tell what the letter was like that he received by the answers he makes to it.—Editor.

Walla Walla, Washington, July 29, 1924.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of July 20th came to me this week and has been read by me until I have almost memorized it. It is the most remarkable letter I have ever received, for while you yourself bring one indictment after another against capitalism you do not seem to realize that you are doing so, and you go right ahead in the same letter and condemn us for organizing to abolish the system that breeds the wrongs you complain of. I can touch upon the various points in your letter only briefly for it is quite lengthy and I am limited for space.

When your first letter came to me I was inclined to believe that you were "hoosiering up" on me; feigning ignorance to get a "rise" out of me and find out just how little I know. But since this last letter came to me I am thoroughly convinced that you are entirely ignorant of the fundamental principles of the I. W. W. and that you haven't the least conception of the class struggle and the corrupt, insane system under which we live.

You tell me of a man whom you "virtually took from the gutter some years ago" and of how you fixed up a room for him in your basement and even gave him an occasional meal and all you asked of him in return was that he serve you faithfully as housekeeper and handy-man around the place. Then when he drank until you could not depend on him you turned him out.

Were you helping him because he was a fellow man, or because you needed a cheap hired man? You have probably never admitted the real reason to yourself. You see I put two and two together, so when a little farther along in your letter you say, "I hope that I may find another needy man to whom I can give a helping hand and one that may be trusted. I must have help from somewhere for I cannot teach and be housekeeper and handy-man all in one." I can readily see your motive for helping the poor vagabond. You show the real modern "Christian" spirit in hoping you will find another needy man.

You quoted quite a lot of Bible passages in your letter so I will hand some of it right back to you. But you must understand that I don't believe it. As



an organization the I. W. W. is not concerned with religion and if any of its members can believe that stuff they are at liberty to do so until education takes the superstition out of them. But since you mentioned your hired man drinking I will give you a little Bible on the subject. Prov. 31:6, 7, says, "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine to those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

I am strictly temperate, do not drink anything intoxicating and have never even used tobacco in any form. The I. W. W. as an organization is trying

to educate the workers against the evils of booze and never overlooks an opportunity to tell them they cannot raise a crop of brains by irrigating their bellies with booze. But we do not stop there. By organizing the workers into the I. W. W. we are giving them the power to clean up the camps so they can stand it in them without being drunk. Instead of making them drunk so they will forget their poverty, the I. W. W. is educating them and organizing them to abolish poverty.

Next, you say, "To me one of the most discouraging things about the I. W. W. is its apparent unwilling attitude toward work." Where did you get that opinion? Certainly not out of an I. W. W. publication, for we advocate shortening the hours of the working day to such an extent that everyone will have a chance to work, including the parasites who now do nothing but "own" for a living and who never produce anything in their whole worthless lives except misery for the workers who produce all the good things of life.

In speaking of the Industrial Pioneer which I had sent to you, you say, "Your magazine is the bitterest it has ever been my lot to read." Yes, it is the bitter truth, without any sugar-coating. The truth about wrong is always bitter to those who would perpetuate that wrong.

You make much of someone having said that "murder could be more readily excused than scabbing." I assure you that the I. W. W. does not excuse either, but it recognizes the fact that the scab is the worst murderer there is, for he not only murders his own family by accepting wages insufficient to nourish them, but also reduces the standard of living for the whole working class and dooms their babies yet unborn to lives of drudgery and poverty. Even now the papers are telling us of thousands of workers dying in the South, of pellagra, which is a fancy name for starvation. Think of that, thousands starving to death as they work, in the richest nation in the world! Think of the two million unemployed in the U. S. right now, in harvest time—the busiest season of the year!

You say we teach hate. That is untrue. There is not another organization in the world that would stand half of the persecution the I. W. W. has stood without resorting to violence to defend itself. Have you read what the nice "Christian" mob did in San Pedro? It is the first article in the Industrial Pioneer. If you can read it without crying you are harder hearted than I am.

You say, "In your fight for the betterment of the workers you are very far from the teachings of Jesus as I know them." The best answer I can give you for that is, you have got your idea about his teachings from the same source that you got your opinion of the I. W. W. from, that is, from the master class. I have a better opinion of Christ than I could possibly have if I accepted the murderer Constantine's perverted version of his teachings. I know there never was a time since the world began when a man would be crucified for preaching "Servants,

obey your master." You accuse the I. W. W. of teaching hate and you deplore it. Yet the book that is the source of your opinion about Christ, preaches hate and tells us so in what purport to be Christ's own words. Only those victims of capitalism who are ignorant hate the capitalists as individuals. "We hate the rotten system more than other mortals do." But we do not hate its victims and the capitalists are victims as well as their slaves—the wage workers. The I. W. W. does not teach hate but your book does. I refer to St. Luke, 14:26, which reads, "If any man comes to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." In the tenth chapter of St. Matthew, verses 34, 35 and 36 read as follows, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth. For I am come to set man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and a daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be of his own household."

You ask what I have done for the working class. I have tried to help them climb out of the mire of wage slavery onto the broad plains of Industrial Unionism. I have helped to show them that they have a higher mission in life than to be work animals, living in poverty all the days of their lives while piling up profits mountain high for idle parasites to expend on cozy clubs, wild women and "love nests." I hope you will read every issue of the Industrial Pioneer as long as the subscription I had sent to you lasts. If you will honestly do so, I know you will want to continue your subscription for by that time you will begin to see how wrong your present opinions are.

You tell of teaching school nineteen years "in a damp, cold, unventilated and unlighted basement." We haven't an agitator in the organization who could draw up a more damning indictment of capitalism in so few words. When the richest country in the world sends its babies to sit in cold, damp, unventilated and unlighted basements while the propaganda of the ruling class is being instilled into their little minds to make them efficient slaves, or willing cannon-fodder, ready to die on some foreign battlefield for the "Glory of God" and the profit of their masters—the ruling class—the profiteers, then it is time for the fathers and mothers of those babes to wake up and organize into One Big Industrial Union, and take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and run them for the benefit of all mankind instead of for the profit of a few idlers.

Have you read the "Brass Check", "The Goose Step" and "The Goslings?" Upton Sinclair, Pasadena, California, is the author and you can get the books from him. I highly recommend them to you. The last two should appeal to you particularly as they are an exposé of the school system.

You speak of what I owe God, my wife and my baby. I don't owe God anything. If there is a god he owes me more than he can ever pay me. I owe

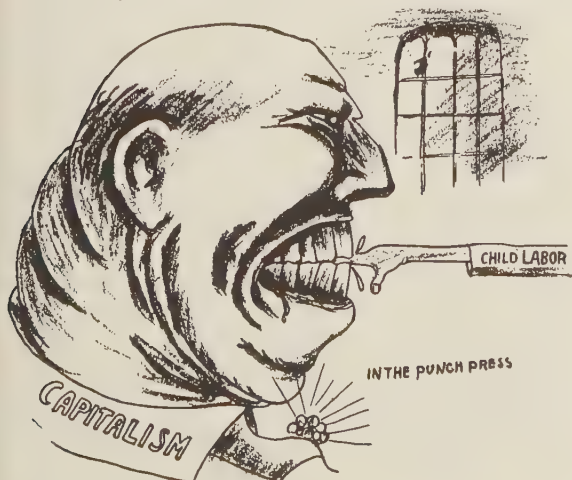
my wife and baby all the love that a good, kind and loving heart can lavish on them and I am trying to pay them with interest.

At the close of your letter you wail again about us agitators not working and say, "If anyone of your agitators had worked as hard as I have and could show working people the secret of getting the most out of life I would feel that his opinion was worth far more than all the agitation he could muster." A little common sense reasoning on your part would show you that if we were not workers the master would not fear us. For the workers are the only ones who can stop the profits of the master class.

But since you seem unable to reason I will give you just the answer you ask. I began to work in a West Virginia coal mine when I was only eight years old. I was a little child, scabbing on union men who had organized and gone on strike for enough of what they produced to enable them to support their families without being forced to put their babies to work two miles under the ground to earn something to keep life in their little bodies. I was helping the Coal Barons of W. Va. crush the union and fasten their gunman rule on five counties. Thousands of workers, men, women and children, have been murdered there since then, and thousands are starving there today as a result of what I and others did in 1899. I used to go to church then, in a little schoolhouse owned by the coal company, and listen to the preacher, who was also owned by the coal company, thank God that the scabs were real Americans who would not allow any set of men to deprive them of their God-given right to work for such low wages that it was necessary for every miner's son, who was big enough to hold up his head with the weight of a miner's lamp on it, to go to work in the mines, while his mother and sisters took in washing or sewing from the "higher-ups" or kept boarders to help fill the family larder.

I will never forget one little boy **five years old** whom I saw with all the flesh torn from the bones of his little thighs after he had fallen beneath a trip of mine cars on which he was trying to set the brakes.

The way the exploiters get the most out of life is



THIS IS THE LIFE THAT BARNETT KNEW

no secret. I can easily illustrate their method for you by telling you the story of a man who was so lazy that his neighbors decided to do his wife a favor by lynching him. Just as they were ready to string him up he promised to do better and begged for another chance. They let him go and he went straight home and raided the sugar-bowl where the good wife kept the money she got for taking in washings, and with it as capital he hired a carpenter to build a shed, placed twenty wash-tubs and boards in it and hired twenty women for three dollars each, per week, to do two washings a day. He then hung out his shingle, "Jones' Hand Laundry, Family Washings Done for One Dollar Each." He cleared one dollar and fifty cents per day on the labor of each woman and now that he was exploiting twenty women instead of one the neighbors all called him Mr. Jones, with heavy accent on the "mister" and held him up to the youths of the village as a real American and shining example for them to pattern after.

You may think this story exaggerated but it is not. I have worked in the mines for \$3.00 per week. I have worked in a tailor shop in Egg Harbor City, N. J., pressing coats ten hours per day for \$2.00 per week. I worked in the Liberty Cut Glass works cutting nappies and bowls for three dollars per week. I counted scales in Winterbottom, Carter & Co.'s knife handle factory for \$3.50 per week. I have seen my sisters equally exploited in the sweat-shops of New Jersey and Illinois. So you see you are wrong when you say I have been misled by leaders. I know by bitter experience. And there are thousands of other fellow workers (agitators) who can truthfully say the same.

You say, "I cannot hope to change you; in fact, so far as my limited experience goes it would be quite useless to do so." That is true, for:

"We have a glowing dream of how fair the world will seem

When each man can live his life, secure and free;
When the earth is owned by labor and there's joy
and peace for all

In the commonwealth of toil that is to be."

Yours for Industrial Freedom,

Eugene Barnett.

"Woe To The Vanquished!" Who Are The Vanquished? They Are the German Wage Slaves—Twice Beaten, Once by the Allies With Shot and Shell, and Again by the German Capitalists, with Lying Promises. Woe To The Vanquished, Until They Rise And Fight The Class War.

By MARY HOPE

THIS is the street of the poor, Haas Strasse . . . Witness the famine-blue bodies of children (who remembers the flaxen-haired Hans with the rose-pink belly and laughing eyes?): the sight of mothers searching the gutters with pitiful intensity for swill; the beggars, proud as those to whom they make their appeal, beggars standing in little groups on every corner, no more an unfit or alien remnant of the community than the rest of the proletariat; old women huddled on doorsteps for days, numb with hunger, in a stupor, later removed by the police . . . whither? . . . Haas Strasse shrugs a shoulder . . . old women? We are all old, old with misery and hunger. Yes, even the poets have forgotten to sing; those who sing are mad. The intelligentsia haven't official quarters and persons of influence, utilizing their wit in attempts to get free passports, anywhere, England, Russia, America . . . Prostitutes continue their fleshly occupation even during precarious physical weather and on a Sunday become a part of Pastor Max's meetings, no longer shunned female rabble. Indeed, far less corrupt are they than Pastor Max himself who does not forget those whose cupboards have a crust or two. . . Hunt high and low for Gretchen with the "pure sweet eyes of love and lips, only the northern sun has kissed"—fortunately for that aesthete, he died before his Gretchen . . . his lovely maidens taken from the warm roofs and scented gardens of the past and given to master Hunger who fattens and thrives more each day on the puny bones and their blood of Haas Strasse.

Past the Courthouse Yards, the gardens are still green. Red-topped and blue flowers grow virile above the grass and pigeons dip their white breasts in the springs. Further over, the tables and chairs of the Beer Gardens are thrice full and joyous; only occasionally does one observe the ease and nonchalance of the belly-full topple a bit . . . The Beer Gardens, only ten minutes walk from Haas Strasse.

The evening comes soft and grey and a little wistful where the noise is indistinct. No one comes to the Garden's silent parts, not even the shelterless, and it remains since the coming of misery, the habitation of those who can withstand the thrust of beauty. The stars drip golden dew into the trees and quiet springs.

The Beer Gardens still feel the weight of bellies in which the yellow malt stream flows in apathetic volume. No need for starlight here. The bright lanterns are lit and the glaring postlamps are rigid through the circles of tables and the public platform in the midst . . . Last week Ebert spoke . . . He

speaks distinctly but his words cling together in a curious vagueness, as though waiting for a propeller to set them going in a wind of effect. He lowers his eyes and his voice sounds as if he is ashamed . . . Perhaps he is thinking of his virile and idealistic youth spent in pregnant actions and potent dreamings . . . Now he is old, a stupid apologist for the puny sense of revolutionary spirit left in him . . . a socialist, floundering, bewildered by the muddy intricacies and perpetual evasions of parliamentarianism . . . The people drink their beer and remember a word here and there. Women glance at their tender, naked breasts topping satin bodices, a surreptitious flash of pleasure in their eyes. Sensual messages flit from the men who find no need for words. . . . Ebert speaks on . . . Well-to-do prostitutes are glad to be relieved from the perpetual discipline of the forced vivacity . . . and all the time, the speaker's words trip through their ears like gay squirrels hunting and cracking nuts . . . Later on, every one rises to a patriotic song. The Garden floods with the cornet's militaristic growl, the blatant voices of the men and the soft shading of female voices . . .

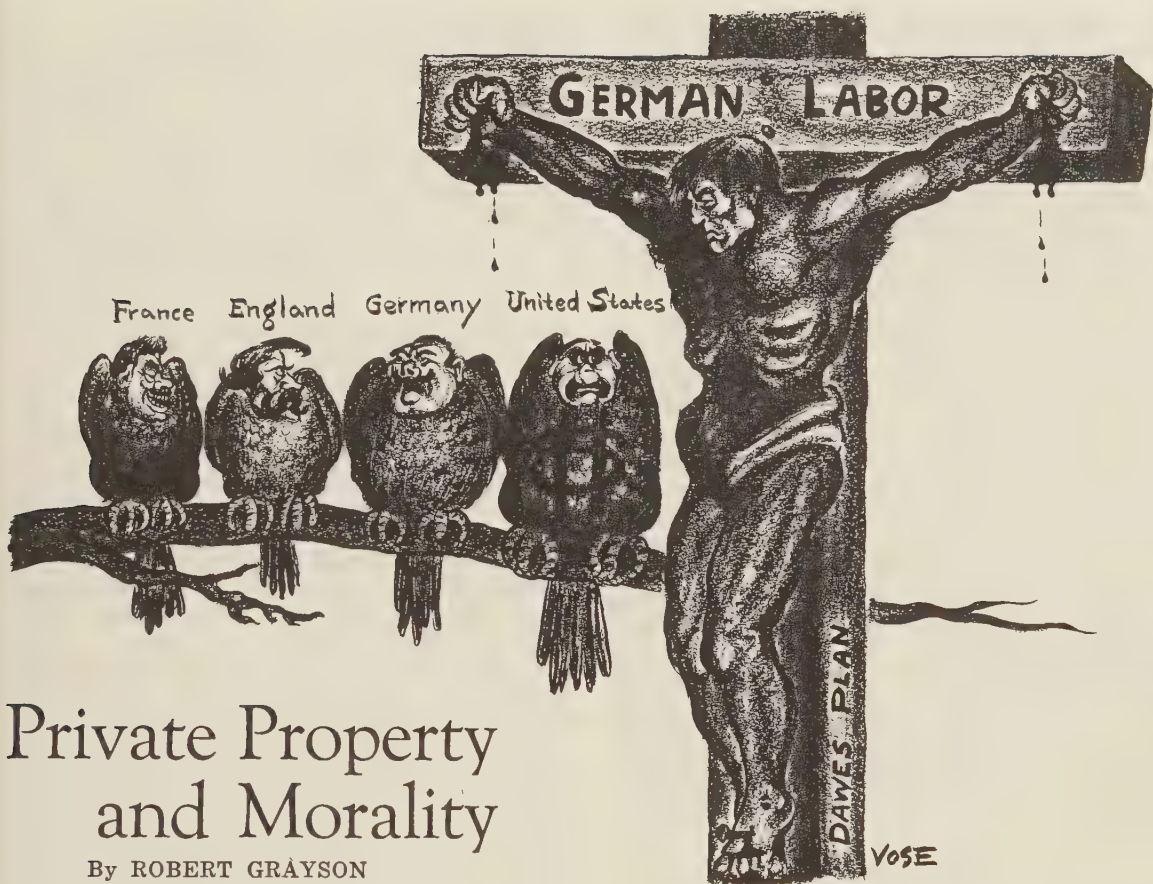
Slowly in twos and threes the lights snap out. We have drunk, sung and made love. Now we go home satisfied, but a little uncomfortable around the lower portions . . . Voluminous liquid . . . Now one look at a quiet Strasse, houses set on it as primly and luxuriously as the hats on the heads of virtuous grande dames. Then to bed, a soft one. A luscious nest for clean birds who will dream of feathers flashing on the long green run of grass in tomorrow's sun, and the dipping of the breast in the sparkling springs of love . . . **We live on Strasse Bourgeois.**

But the street of the poor, Haas Strasse. Long ago these people slept snugly and also dreamed. I remember the red-smeared mouths of healthy jam-eating children playing in the gardens; there were peaceful worker's hands setting flowers in the sunny windows; the Frauleins had a song to give one on the summer evenings; the smell of fresh cheese and cabbage was no less a common smell than the sound of a universal rhyme urged by the first star in the paling evening sky . . .

But now . . . Haas Strasse mocks itself, has slashed the pink breast of its mistress, the Past. Haas Strasse puts a mad laughing month at its own pool of blood . . .

You will witness Haas Strasse tasting other blood, the blood of the foreigner . . . the bourgeoisie.

Winter comes . . .



Private Property and Morality

By ROBERT GRAYSON

EXPONENTS of the present scheme of human relations never tire of reiterating that society is wholesomely rooted in a subsoil that is ethically desirable, and as a consequence its social fruits are conducive to the best interests of the greatest number of the human race. Pursuing such reasoning in an address recently it was my experience to hear the renegade, George R. Lunn, who used to be Schenectady's socialist mayor, but who is now a political climber, being Lieutenant Governor of the Empire State, say that man's first right was to the possessions he was able to acquire, and that private property is the right of all men.

This is a claim that can no more stand the pressure of logic than can a house of cards the first blow that comes along. To realize that something is very much wrong with the world requires no exceptional acumen. Few, indeed, exist in it very long without finding this out to their sorrow. Our eyes alone tell us from every glance that the arrangement of social affairs is inequitable and manifestly unfair. The world is divided between those WITH and those WITHOUT. The latter are in an overwhelming majority. To be without means hard labor, or unemployment, industrial illness, accident and premature death after the poorest manner of existence. The word cheap is written all over us; it punctuates every act of our lives. These are patent

facts, indisputable among those who have learned the truth of them by bitter experiences.

Probing the ulcerous condition reveals that all this poverty, drudgery, insecurity and degradation proceeds from a central fact, a diseased root incapable of maturing aught that is good for man. And this underlying culture center of social bacteria is nothing more nor less than the mainspring of bourgeois affairs, private property. That which our well-fed opponents and masters proclaim to be inherently moral and of primary benefit to mankind is exactly the reverse, being innately subversive of the welfare of the masses and inimical to the healthful growth of all that is a boon to humanity.

Facts—Not Words

It is not, however, sufficient to make this broad statement. Neither is it our purpose to rest the case on a mere statement. That is the tactic of the opposition, who resort to words alone, not being able to bear the searchlight of analysis. Thus it falls to us to state the case against private property briefly, and after having done so we must proceed to show whether its existence is consonant with a high standard of social development and an impulse to the noblest ethical progress of men and women.

The present scheme of wealth production is called capitalism. Under its sway the workers operate complex social tools side by side. But while their labors

are social; while the workers are herded together in factory, mill and mine and wherever work is performed, the ownership and control of the gigantic means of wealth production are held by an exceedingly small group of rich capitalists, who do no useful work themselves but to whom the vast proceeds of working class toil accrue. Private property in this age means the right of a man or group of men to own millions and billions in wealth; to employ workers by the hundred thousands and millions; to say when these workers shall slave and eat, and when they shall walk the streets jobless and hungry. It means giving to a small clique of financiers and manufacturers the right of life and conduct over the major part of the race. Our masters decree not only what we shall eat, how we shall be clad, where we shall dwell, but whether these primitive requirements shall be guaranteed at all. Their power is strengthened constantly by the accumulation of unpaid labor, or surplus value, that part of the business of industry commonly called profits. Profits are what the workers are robbed of by virtue of the efficacy and goodness of private property. Under the workings of private property a monstrous trinity enslaves the vast majority of the people. They are bowed under the weight of that triune keystone their weary backs are forced to support, Profit, Rent and Interest. In short, private property of the tools by which wealth is created means in effect the small minority saying to the large majority: "You toil while I eat."

The Fountain of Blood

An article of this nature cannot take details into account. But it can state that from the evil of private property spring the war, want and waste that curse humanity. Private property means unpaid labor, surplus value, an accumulation to be reinvested by its takers. By the modern quest for markets and virgin fields in which to invest the wealth robbed from millions of workers, commercial rivalries are bred and wars are fomented. If there is anything ethical or socially desirable about war we fail to see it. But the evils of private property are always at work even when not blazing high in the spectacular way of war.

The insecurity suffered by the masses is a mental torture of great violence, and of itself a damning indictment of capitalism. The rich live longer lives than the poor. Infantile mortality among the well-to-do is less than among the slaves. Insufficient wages to female workers has ever been a direct impulse to harlotry. Employers pay inadequate wages not through any particular, personal animosity or greed, but because competition demands that low wages be paid, and where monopoly holds the field the race for power insists on an ever-growing rate of profits. Where so many counts present themselves to the indictment against private property little enough can be covered here.

The world is sick—almost to death. There are millions of men and women tramping the streets of

America—this paradise of opportunity—in a vain search for jobs. Over every household of the worker possessing the precious job hovers the specter of Insecurity, while miseries attendant upon low wages and long hours on the one hand, and part-time employment on the other, stalk through his quarters. A smiling land is darkened by industrial depression, the natural result of laws in keeping with the operation of private property. So long as there is not work for all who desire it violence is riding rough shod over us. So long as there is a hungry child in a hovel and bread withheld by the mandate of private property violence rules supreme.

Social Production

That simple tool by which a man once could make a complete article for the satisfaction of a human want entitled its possessor to undisputed ownership. But when countless workers join their brain and brawn and mingle their sweat and blood in the creation of commodities by the help of tremendously large and intricate machines the product of this common effort of right should be commonly owned, together with the instruments of its making.

To say nothing more of the baneful social effects of private property which are observable at all angles, one further remark is permissible and pertinent. To extract surplus value is itself immoral, even should the victim be fortunate enough to suffer no ill effects, which is never the case. Private property means individual ownership of social instruments, and the protection of the individual's right to rob the workers. As such it is highly injurious to the race, and especially obnoxious to the slaves.

The situation will not right itself. No one is going to set the slave free but himself. Divided we are easy prey for the united master class. United industrially we can throw a phalanx into the battle for freedom destined to win the final victory. Exemplifying solidarity we can win a world for our kind. We do not ask for less. But we do ask for our own. Our labors and those of our class have made this world; we prepare to come into our own. United we cannot be defeated.

Social Morality

From the cornerstone of common effort and common welfare shall be developed a new morality unknown to a world that puts a premium upon wholesale robbery, wholesale murder and wholesale hogishness. It is hardly necessary to say in concluding that we do not believe that a factory or a railroad should be the private property of any one man or small group of exploiters, and we do believe that a toothbrush or a pair of shoes should be the private property of each one. The distinction seems warranted as there are asses in the world whose sense of degree is very dull.

Social operation of productive tools privately owned is a contradiction that cannot continue indefinitely. Industrially organized workers shall rearrange matters to their own moral satisfaction.

An Incident in a Sailor's Life

ANONYMOUS

It may be that not all who follow the sea for a living have exactly this sort of experience, but many of them certainly do. It is probable that not all of these who find themselves picked out for punishment by bad tempered mates and masters find such loyalty and solidarity on the part of their shipmates, but some do and more will, when the seamen are organized.

FROM the slave market at Antwerp I got a Belgian ship early this year—the *Australier* belonging to the Lloyd Royal Belge Company and bound for Buenos Aires. I had to buy bedding, blankets and eating utensils.

The second day on board the ship we started to get bad eats. We had stew for breakfast, stew for dinner, hot water for soup, black water for coffee, one pound of bread each for 24 hours and no lunch for night time. There was no messman and we had to carry all our own grub from the galley, and wash our own dishes.

The firemen were kicking about the grub all the time; one was sick, another wouldn't work, and we always had a kick coming. I just waited at first to see what they were going to do. One of the firemen said he was going to take the food up to show it to the captain. We all went up with him to the bridge. The captain told us that if we didn't like it we could throw it overboard, as that was all we would get on Belgian ships.

I had in my suit-case all kinds of I. W. W. literature—Marine Workers and Solidarity—so I gave them to the crew to read, and then got busy on the job. I started calling for job action, but nobody would pay any attention to me.

The grub kept getting worse and worse every day, and every day and night I kept talking with the firemen and sailors urging them to use job action. When they asked me what kind of action to use I told them "I. W. W. action," and that if we would all stick together we could get all we wanted. I got them to go to the messroom to hold a meeting and decide what we would do.

We usually carried 180 pounds of steam, so we decided to cut the steam down to 140 pounds, and bring her down to half speed. The A. B.s decided that when they went up on the bridge they would keep the ship a couple of degrees off her course all the time.

"Half Fed—Half Speed"

I was on the 4 to 8 watch, and saw to it that the steam came down to 140 pounds. When the engineer came hollering about the steam, we told him that we couldn't do any better because we were sick and hungry. The same thing happened on the 8 to 12 watch, and again on the 12 to 4 watch. The engineers were very glad to see the action that was being taken because they, too, were getting bad grub. When the captain hollered to the engineers about the steam, they told him that they couldn't do any better as the firemen were sick and hungry.

The captain, hard-boiled as he was, had to get up at 6 o'clock in the morning to go into the galley

and show the cook how to prepare the food. We got better grub for a couple of days. When the grub went down again, down came the steam, until we got better grub again. The more kicking we did the better grub we got. The firemen and sailors saw the benefit of this action and we kept on kicking.

The captain sent the steward to the fo'c'sle with a piece of writing paper, and told us to write down on it what food we wanted every day. This is what we put down on the paper:

BREAKFAST: Oatmeal, milk, beefsteak, fried eggs; or fried pork chops or boiled eggs; fruit every morning. Sugar and butter to be on the table all the time.

DINNER: Two kinds of meat; roast beef, roast pork, pudding; a glass of milk for each man; good potatoes and bread and butter.

SUPPER: Beefsteak and cold meat; fried potatoes, tea and bread and butter; fruit.

Thursday and Sunday dinner: Roast chicken.

We sent this to the captain. He did not want to give it to us, so we went down and held the steam at 140 pounds for two days.

But the captain was wily as well as hard boiled, and he tried another trick to break our solidarity. He called us all up on the bridge, asked us if we wanted port wine or Scotch whiskey, and told us that he would give us 100 francs more if we would keep working and that any time we wanted a drink we could have one.

Booze Fails

We went back to the messroom to think the matter over, because we knew that he was trying to fool us, and meanwhile the steam stayed at 140 pounds, half speed. Two of the firemen broke ranks—an old Norwegian of about 60 and a Turk. They liked to have a drink and were willing to do what the captain said. As they would not stick with the bunch, we put them out of the fo'c'sle.

When the captain hollered for more steam, we told the engineer "plenty to eat, plenty of work—rotten

eats, rotten work." The engineer reported to the captain, and the next day all the firemen and deckhands were called up on the bridge. We were given all that we asked for on the paper—except the chicken, and there was none of that on board the ship. The captain told us that when we got to a South American port we would get the chicken too.

When we hit Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, some stool-pigeon told the captain who it was that had told the workers what to do. So one day he called me up on the bridge and asked me if I wanted to pay off. I told him that I would if he would give me my transportation back to Belgium. He started to raise hell with me and then said, "Go ahead and do your work; keep up the steam and don't raise any more trouble like this."

Solidarity Beats Consul

At Rio a man was hired who was a member of the Marine Transport Workers and an American citizen. When we reached Santos, Brazil, this man went to the American consul and got a job on an American ship, but our captain refused to pay him off. He went to the consul, but the consul wouldn't help him as he was on board a foreign ship. He then went to the captain of the port; and together with him and the Belgian consul our captain came to an agreement, by which this man who had worked seven days wasn't to get a damned nickel for it.

We felt it was up to the firemen and sailors to help this man out, and held another meeting. We decided to go slow on the job, and if the captain or engineer said anything to tell him that we wanted the man to get the money that was coming to him. We went slow on the job for three days. The chief mate and engineer reported to the captain that the men were not working because they wanted the man to get his money. On the fourth day the captain ordered the cook not to give us any food. Nobody went to work that day. At last the captain got sick and tired, sent for the man and paid him all that was coming to him.

We left Santos for Santa Fe, Rosario and Buenos Aires. There we loaded 416 head of cattle and took 20 cattlemen aboard. Each one of these had to pay the company 51 pesos and work his way over to Antwerp.

After ten days out at sea from Buenos Aires—no more fresh meat, no more pork chops or beef steak. Down came the steam and the ship was brought to half speed. When the engineers hollered at us we answered, "Rotten eats, rotten work. We want fresh meat." After the ship had gone slow for three days, the captain had to kill three cattle to give us fresh meat. Then the ship went to full speed again.

The cattlemen, though they had paid 51 pesos, were getting worse food than we got before. We told them not to feed the cattle next day, and that we would help them out and see to it that they got the same food as we had. The next day they were kicking to the cattlemen's boss and finally they got the same grub as ourselves.

A couple of days later we were striking again, holding the steam at 140 pounds. This time we were kicking about the small wages—we were getting only five pounds a month. The engineers told the captain that we were going slow because we were getting such small wages.

Then one morning the captain called me up to the bridge at 7 o'clock. He told the chief mate to put the chains on me and tie me up in the bunkers. When the firemen saw that he was tying me up they called everybody on deck—firemen, A. B.s and all. Everyone got a board or a bar and they stood in line like soldiers. After ten minutes the ship stopped. Then the captain told the chief mate to let me go.

Ships sailing from Buenos Aires to Antwerp take 31 days on an average, but we took 42 days, and we had good weather too. We were working slow and getting good grub—so the more days the more dollars. When we reached Antwerp not one of the firemen got logged and we all had good discharges from the engineers. I was the only member of the Marine Transport Workers on board, but all the men had good Wobbly ideas. They stuck together when it came to the time for action.

"Red Rockets"

By MAC

It is deemed advisable to draw up the following list of questions to be propounded to the applicant for membership. The questions are not so numerous as Mr. Edison's, but they are more in touch with every-day life as seen through red spectacles.

I. Where does a one hundred per cent American carry his brains when he has any?

II. What is the average weight of same? Give answer in milligrams.

III. What would become of the American Labor movement if Sam Gompers dislocated a monkey gland?

IV. Why did Nature provide Sam Gompers with an allotment of skin so absurdly out of proportion to the amount of mutton it contains?

V. Where do you think Sam Gompers will go when the American workers come out of the ether?

VI. What is the general effect on the Ku Klux Klan when its Grand Imperial Wizard wizzes?

VII. If the American Legion had any intelligence what particular form of suicide would it commit in shuffling off this mortal coil?

VIII. What does Henry Ford know, if anything?

IX. Do you believe a one hundred per cent American can lick ten foreigners without getting blisters on his tongue?

X. What do you think would be a good mental tonic to the worker who is always worrying lest the Capitalists might get sore and gather up their belongings and leave the country?

One of the Pall Bearers

By JANE STREET

HE was hungry, he was cold, he was out of work. And he knew why. He realized the economic causes of suffering. He was able to grasp the situation in which the human race found itself in the age in which he lived. He could see the whole capitalistic system at a glance—knew it from A to Z—at the top the bargainers, the gamblers in the product of human toil, struggling and warring with one another for markets where they might dispose of their booty; at the bottom the workers paid too little to buy back what they had created and thrown out of work in great hordes until the “surplus” was disposed of. He knew the cause of war, of unemployment, of crime. He knew he lived in a dying system.

But this afforded him small relief. He understood, of course, that through organization the workers might cut their hours of labor and thus make room for many of the unemployed. But the great herds had not done so; and he was included in those herds.

He knew also that his wife and baby suffered; and that capitalism was no respecter of maternity or childhood. The woman whined and the baby squalled, and their misery was of that familiar sort that no longer suggested great cataclysmic changes in society in general. He knew that they were hungry and cold, as he was hungry and cold, and he roamed about in hope of solving in some way his own personal problems.

There were five possibilities: He might find some money—this, in his pre-revolutionary days, he would have considered Providential; but not believing any longer in Providence, it sank into the realms of the unreal, if not the impossible. If favorable opportunity presented itself, he might be able to “bum” some money on the street; but here he applied the law of the survival of the fittest, and realized that he must compete with those geniuses who seemed especially qualified to make a success in that line, while he was more apt to be “pinched” than to be paid for his personality. There, of course, was the detestable prospect of borrowing—if he could but forget it—it destroyed his morale long before it exhausted his credit. Or he might find a master willing to buy his labor; but workers were being turned out of jobs instead of being taken on. And for months and months he had counted on this hope and each day it had failed him. Honestly, he thought, had been machined into him; and he couldn't give up the thought of making money by working for it. But there was the fifth alternative—to steal it—a plan very difficult of execution.

It was only at nightfall that he gave it definite consideration. All doors to jobs were then closed. Night dropped down her curtain to shut out hope from the foolish minds of the workless workers until another day should whistle into existence, and their weary search should start anew.

He wandered out into the rich residential district, where the bourgeoisie vied with one another in the display of wealth. He knew that they were parasites upon the working class, that they were the robbers of the weak and destitute and useful of mankind. He felt no qualms of conscience in taking from them whatever he was able to take.

Through lighted windows he could catch glimpses of the inside of their mansions. Liveried servants occasionally opened and shut doors. “What slaves they are,” he murmured. “They would help send me to the penitentiary if they caught me peeping in those windows! What an array of comforts and luxuries I would find there—all made by the slaves who are dispossessed! Yet I would not know where to look for such articles as I might carry away. I am not familiar with that ground. It is only in the factory where I help create wealth that I have access to it at all. And there the slaves bring it in, and I help work on it, and other slaves take it away again. Ah! But after the Revolution the factory will belong to all of us and we will have the wherewithal to be supplied with the handiwork of all other workers.” A night watchman glowered at him. He turned his steps back toward town.

“And the watchdogs of capitalism are too well trained and too well paid,” he added. “The little crook hasn't one chance in a million.”

But along the street curbs he saw many luxurious limousines, from which came to his ears the voices of beautiful women—women in whom he saw no beauty, and for whom he felt no chivalry and no mercy. Occasionally a man in rich fur overcoat would alight in front of him and pass into a house. If he only had a gun he would hold one of them up and get enough money to feed his wife and child. He was willing to take a chance, he decided. But he had no weapon on him but a pocket knife. He must get a gun. He knew no one who owned one. So he must borrow the money with which to buy one.

With this in mind he quickened his pace and bent his steps toward the lower end of town, where a petit bourgeois friend of his kept a cigar store. He had heard that this small business had recently failed, throwing its proprietor back into the ranks of the proletarians, where he belonged. “I saw him duck across the street when he saw me today. That's because I owe him so much already. He's really a good fellow. I'll pay him back when I get a job.—Maybe he will loan me enough to buy a gun anyway.”

He passed by a noisy cafe, from which issued, to torment him, the savory odor of broiling steak. He was conscious of being tired and glanced at a clock, hoping that his friend's place of business, which was now not far distant, might not be closed. It was but 10:30. He quickened his steps. At least, perhaps, he might sit down without fear of arrest and

find solace in the camaraderie of the revolutionary-minded.

Ahead of him he saw a woman stop several men, and he saw that his turn would come next. He knew her and having no money wished to avoid her. So he darted into a narrow dark street and stood close up in the shadows of a doorway. From his place of concealment he had a good view of her face where she had stopped on the sidewalk.

He had known her when she was quite young. She never had any sense, he told himself, never could get into her head anything about the revolution; but she had been very beautiful and many a man had dreamt he was in heaven when he basked beneath her smile. Anyway, he had argued, in this age when marriage for the workers was a crime, she had had sense enough not to marry, and not to bring children into the world of misery; and long ago he had accepted her prostitution as a matter of course.

But now as he scrutinized her face he saw that the charms of youth had departed; her delicate chin quivered and he saw despair and hunger written on her face. Pity seized hold of him and he wanted to go up to her and speak to her in creature sympathy. "But, no," he said, "capitalism has commercialized her. It's only money she wants." And he held close to the dark wall.

"Well, hello Al, old dear," her voice rang out in genuine pleasure of recognition, as she accosted a man on the sidewalk whose clothes bore all the marks of opulence. Her voice still retained something of her old magnetism,—there was nothing metallic or mercenary in it, but it suggested something so human, little trickling tears of joy. It seemed to put something straight in the mind of the man in the doorway, to make him recover from his shock at the sight of her.

"Get off the public street, you hussy, or I'll have you locked up," came the big brute's voice, and he struck her in the face. With a stifled shriek of pain she shrank into the alleyway, and here backing away she turned upon him a half-whispered, half-hissed volley of curses and vile names that chilled the blood of the silent listener in the doorway. Her once beautiful features were hideous with rage and the suppressed murder that was in her heart. She hurried on and in an instant disappeared on a street around the corner.

Her assailant stood still on the sidewalk—possibly held there by the fury of her curses. He now removed one of his expensive driving gauntlets and was lighting a cigar.

Suddenly creeping upon him from behind there appeared a veritable monster in human form. He was hatless and his long hair streamed in the wind; his deadly palor, his dilated nostrils, his set teeth and his wild eyes bespoke the madness of the cocaine fiend. He held his hands like claws, ready to dig into his victim. He seemed to be unarmed. "Stick 'em up and be quick about it and don't move," he commanded.

"What the—" started the bourgeois, turning

around with well-fed physical courage. But he got no farther. The claws grabbed at his throat and he was down in the dirty alley without a whimper and without a motion. Perhaps a flash of steel might have been seen in the light of the street lamp, or was it merely the finger nails of the dope fiend that tore the flesh open? The man in the doorway was not sure. He felt sick at the sight of the blood that continued to flow there on the pavement and the job ended. The bandit could be seen across the street coming out of a drugstore sniffing something from the back of his hand as he walked hurriedly away.

"I have seen that little fellow before," soliloquized the unwilling spectator. His stomach began to get back to normal as by an effort of his memory he removed his mind from the horrors of the present. He now recalled vividly the details of the meeting.

He was standing on a street corner talking with an IWW—one of those foolish fellows, he soliloquized, who believe in beating their heads against an iron wall!—when this same fellow came along.

"Hello, there, Bill," came his hearty greeting to the wob.

"Hello, Jo," was the response.

"Are you workin'?" inquired the workingman. "When did you get out?" simultaneously asked the crook. They both laughed at their characteristic interrogations.

"Oh, a couple of months," said the wob; "I'm out on bail—may get ten years for believing in the right of the workers."

"Yes, I worked a little," answered Jo.

"I wondered if that was a workingman's happy smile you were carrying around with you," bantered the IWW.

"No, I guess my working smile is a different thing altogether," said the bandit.

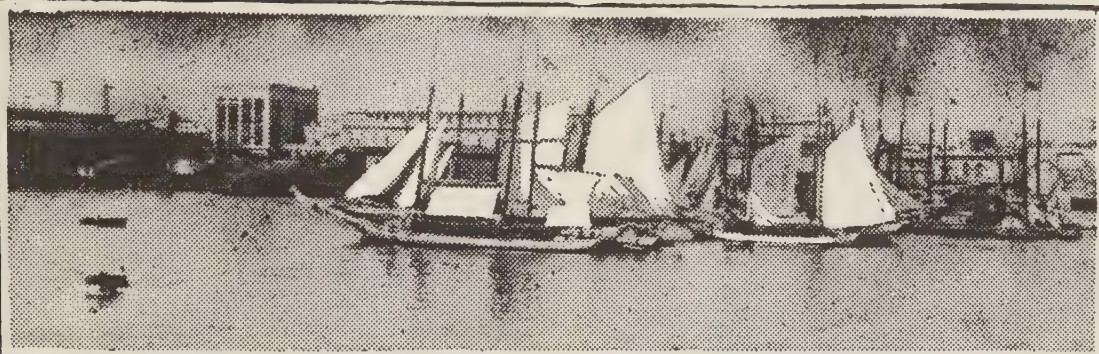
"He was my cell-mate," explained the IWW after Jo was gone. "Highwayman. He is not old, but he has spent fifteen years of his life in penitentiaries."

He wore his working smile tonight all right, thought the man in the doorway, whose mind simply lacked the power to connect up the monstrosity he had just laid eyes on with the human being he had met on the street that time. This was outside of his pale of realities.

He was anxious to go, but afraid to move. His eyes were riveted upon the bloody face a few paces from his feet. Suddenly he spied hanging half out of the overcoat pocket a bill fold, literally bursting with money!—an oversight on the part of the bandit.

How his heart thumped against his chest at the unexpected prospect! His first impulse was to grab the money and run. But his mind had been so long dressed up in what he termed "revolutionary psychology" that he must use it at this time. The whole marvellous police system of capitalist society was created to guard the rights of the prop-

(Continued on Page 31)



HAVANA HARBOR ON STRIKE

The upper picture shows Havana harbor with struck boats tied up. The sailing boats in the right center are similar to those used by "Viveristas."

To the left is a Cuban marine, on strike-breaking duty.

Directly above are Cuban cavalry—guarding scabs.

The "Viveristas"

By MARINO

THESE are all sorts of ways of working for a living, and the class-struggle permeates them all. One of the most unusual is that of being a "viverista," a catcher of live fish. There is only one place where "viveristas" are to be found, and that is Havana, Cuba, and west coast of Florida. Out of Havana and formerly, but not now, out of the neighboring port of Matanzas, run fishing schooners, boats of 60 to 150 tons burden. They carry crews of eight to fourteen men, and are provisioned for voyages of from twenty to forty-five days. In the winter they go to the coast of Yucatan, and in the summer they come up to the coast of Florida, in both cases looking for the fish called "Cherna".

The "Cherna" are caught by hand lines, and hooks, with sardines for bait. When the fish are pulled on board, the first thing to do is to see whether

the little creatures are bloated. If they are, they have to be poked with a special instrument to get the "wind" out of their gills, and then they are thrown into the hold of the fishing schooner, to stay alive, for the hold is full of water. All day, as long as it is light, the crews keep patiently at work, hauling in the unwilling "Cherna". The reason of course is that the fishermen must live.

Often enough they do not live so very well. When the fishing boat comes into Havana, their romantic life ends and commercialism starts. The fish have to be sold. There is no free market for the "Viveristas." The ships they sail on are owned by one or other of three companies. These companies place orders for the fish, as they have sales. Meanwhile the fish are kept in barges, with tanks through which the water of the bay sweeps. The fish are the property of the fishermen until they are taken by the

companies, and must be cared for by the fishermen. Meanwhile they die, one by one, and that is the fishermen's loss. Sometimes they die altogether, from the water in the bay turning "rotten." That is a considerable loss to the fishermen, whose only pay is two-thirds the value of the catch, and who must provide their own food and all other expenses except those of the boat themselves.

Their work is almost as dangerous as coal mining in the United States of America. The fishing grounds are cursed with cyclonic storms, very risky things for such small schooners as the Cherna fishermen use. It is the custom to tie up the ships for a couple of months in the Fall of the year, to avoid the most severe of these winds.

However, so great is the greed of the capitalistic owners of the ships, and so great, too, is the need of many "Viveristas," that some of them put out to the fishing grounds even in the cyclone season. The result, of course, is wrecks. There are lives lost every year, even in the "safe" season. At the time of the big strike, several boats which were at sea, and had not heard of the strike yet, were capsized on the way home.

The Viverista, Microcosm

The history of the class-struggles of the "Viveristas" is the history of Capital and Labor, in miniature: the same deadly feuds between capitalists, the tendency towards trustification, and the immediate coalescing of even the bitterest enemies among capitalists, when it is a question of fighting Labor.

There are three big employers: first, the company owned at one time by Raul Mediavilla, now deceased; secondly, the company owned by Victoriano Bengochea, now serving life for murder; and lastly the company called, "Compania Cubana de Pesca".

The story of Mediavilla is instructive. At one time, a few years ago, he owned the largest company, and was building up a trust by J. D. methods, but he was met with a little unfair competition himself. His main rival, Bengochea, hired a man to kill him, and the murder was duly consummated. The result was a terrible feud between the two companies, both of which continued to compete in the live fish industry, and after a while, Bengochea came within reach of the law, and was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to life imprisonment, at the request, and because of the urgent pressure of the company of the murdered man.

But before the arrest, and while the hatred between the two cliques of capitalists was at its height,

there was a strike. Between seven and eight hundred "Viveristas" walked off the ships, in Havana, to show their dislike for a plan the bosses had to reduce the pay for fish from nine cents a pound to about seven cents a pound, all fish weighing less than one pound to be rejected.

No sooner was the strike declared, than all these larger capitalists, those with blood on their hands, and those who were trying to avenge the blood of Mediavilla, united, presenting a solid front to the striking workers.

Good Strategy

There were a few independent bosses, and the strikers forced these to give in all along the line, and place their ships, twelve in all, at the disposal of the strikers. There were a few men placed in each of these ships, and fish were brought in for sale. There were about 150 men working, in this manner, and they were pledged to turn over half their earnings to the strike committee, which took the money and maintained a common kitchen, to feed all men on strike.

The workers, well organized, and acting through their strike committee of which Adolfo Garcia, now editor of the Spanish language I. W. W. paper, Solidaridad, was a leader demanded some things themselves. They wanted the company to guarantee to take at once on arrival in port, the catch of three ships a week—more if they wanted, but anyway three ships full. The strike ended with a compromise, in which the company agreed to take two ships of fish, to amount to at least 45,000 pounds, which would have been some help, if the strikers had kept up their organization.

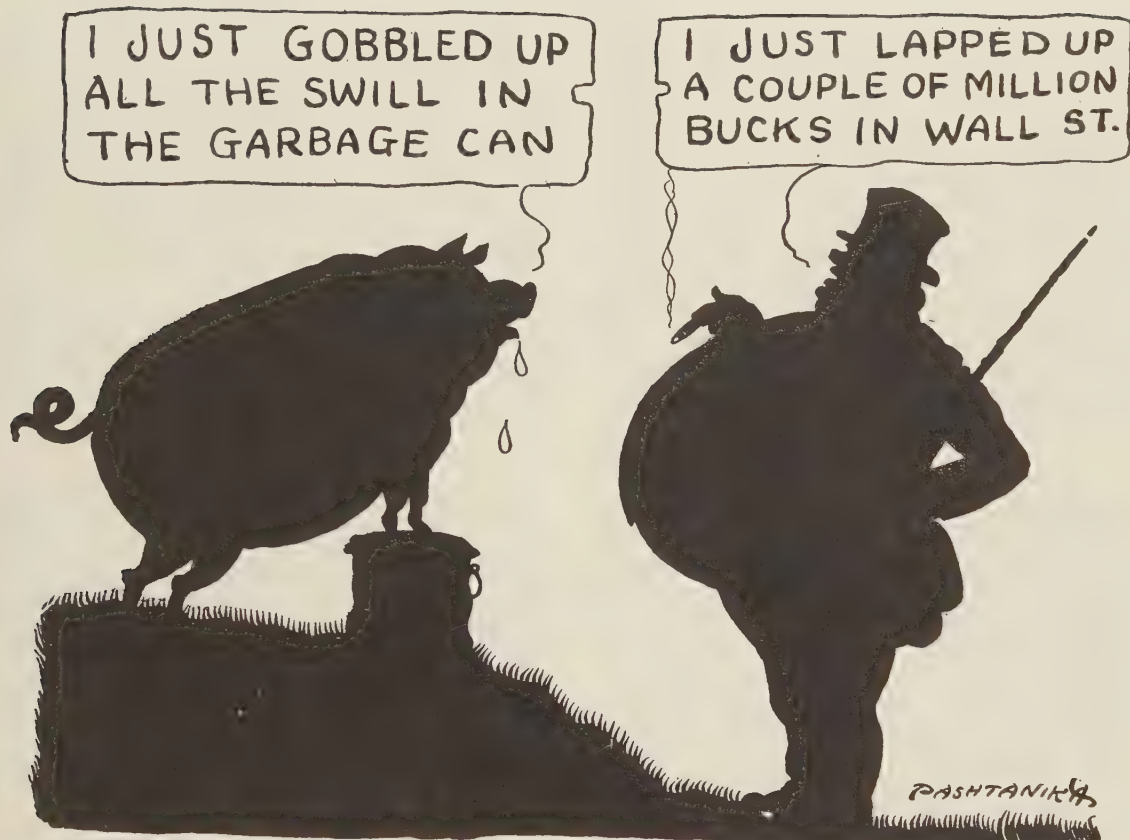
"Eternal Vigilance—"

As a matter of fact, they allowed it to sink in effectiveness, and the bosses, by a great show of force, and through the use of American capital to break a waterfront strike, succeeded in smashing both the waterfront union and the union of "Viveristas".

Even in their moment of defeat, however, the fishers turned and reorganized, and succeeded by a boycott on the "Compania Cubana de Pesca" in tying up twenty ships out of the thirty-five owned by the company, and in winning both moral and material advantages.

So that is the story of the "Viveristas," so far. They discovered what the I. W. W. has always been telling the workers, that only by organization and by vigilance can anything be gained for working-men.

Read "The Story of the Sea" by Tom Barker, Published By The I. W. W. This Book Is the Only Accurate and Comprehensive Account of the Situation Existing in the Field of Marine Transportation. The Growth of Unionism Among Seamen, the Failure of "Coffin Unionism," the Industrializing Effects of Steam Engines, Oil, Diesel Engines, and the Inadequacy of All But the Latest Model Unionism to Combat the Employers' Trust.—Order from 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill., or the Nearest M. T. W. Branch. Price, 25c.



The Social Forces

By JOHN CANNAVAN

CHAPTER I

No Neutrality in Class War

CLASS interests divide society into two warring camps between which there is no neutral territory and among whom there are no neutrals. The proletariat is compelled to recognize that in the battle which it must wage on its own behalf it will encounter hostility from every other social element. It seems in "the public" only an awkward attempt to segregate that portion of itself which is waging battle in some sector of its world-encircling battle line. Moreover it is an attempt to segregate that portion solely for the purpose of more easily dividing its forces and rendering its efforts futile. To the militant proletariat there is no such thing as "the public," in the general application and acceptance of that term.

To the workers, "the public" is a confusing term. Without appearing to, it is meant to cover all that portion of a community which is not directly involved in an industrial controversy, and in which, by the way, the quality of neutrality is supposed to abide. But the fact is that the same elements for strife are present in "the public" as are actively

in opposition in any industrial controversy that is being fought out. The class division runs as cleanly through "the public," though there be temporarily the appearance of peace, as in a strike situation where it cannot be mistaken; and it only waits upon some provocative happening to present manifestations similar to those of which "the public" are supposed to disapprove.

When "the public" is analyzed, it is found to consist of wage earners and employers—the same factors which are present in and parties to every industrial dispute—and it is impossible to find in it that quality of neutrality with which it is supposed to be endowed. "The public" is never concerned about justice. It is always dominated by the idea of expediency. It is under the influence of the dominant class and is incapable of unbiased social judgment. It concurs in the capitalist conception of what society ought to be, and is disposed to attribute any inconvenience to capitalist society as a crime committed by the workers. It is not neutral. It cannot be. One proof of this lies in the acquiescence of "the public" in the conception that every striker is potentially a criminal; and with general

approval, the executive and police powers, "in the public interest," act upon that assumption; for we find that, whenever the workers in an important industry break off relations with the employers, every one of the repressive and miscalled corrective state powers are set in motion and directed against them. The proletarian movement expects them to act in no other way, because it recognizes in these institutions safeguards which the capitalists have erected for the preservation of a social system of which they are the beneficiaries. "The public" is a convenient camouflage by which they seek to identify the momentarily non-combatant proletariat with themselves, and to array them against those proletarians who are actively fighting some issue in the class war.

The Convenient "Public"

For instance, when the coal mine workers struck last April, the cry of "the public interest" was raised against them. An organized effort was made to prejudice the workers in other industries by harping upon a shortened coal supply, with a consequent increase in prices. The propagandists held the mine workers, and only the mine workers, responsible for the interruption to coal production and the social inconvenience resulting therefrom.

The workers were incited to believe that the strike action of the mine workers was inimical to them. But what really happened was that the unsocial and unjust treatment to which the mine workers had been subjected compelled them to demand redress from those who stood between them and the society to which they had been rendering an indispensable service. The battle waged by the mine workers was actually in furtherance of the common labor interest. The owners' part in the suspension was cancelled to the greatest possible extent. And, after all, society does not depend upon the coal mine owners for its fuel supply, but on the workers. This is why society is always ready to identify itself, as "the public," with the capitalist interest.

So, also, when railroad men or other workers in basic industries strike, "the public" is invoked as a reason why such industrial interruptions should not be permitted.

The capitalist ownership, the anti-social cause of these interruptions, is hidden by those interests which use "the public" for that purpose.

The idea that "the public" is a section of the people who have no special partisan interest in the outcome of an industrial conflict is untenable, for outside of other considerations, the success of the workers in a strike very often acts as a stimulant to other wage workers who are temporarily included in "the public." Likewise, if the outcome is favorable to the employers actively concerned, other employers, who are temporarily of "the public," will be heartened to join issue with those other workers who were also temporarily and simultaneously of "the public." These workers will in turn become the objective against which a newly

aligned "public" will be directed, under the banner of neutrality.

This subterfuge, which has been used so often and so successfully to divide the workers and to array one part of them against another which was pressing some point to their common advantage, is soon due for the discard. The line of cleavage between the dominant capitalist interests and the wage workers will dispel the illusion that the wage workers can ever serve their own best interests by actively opposing the efforts of their fellow workers, or by in any way assisting to defeat them when they are striving to improve their conditions. On the contrary, they will realize that their own interests can best be served by aiding their fellows at such times.

The Smoke Screen Lifts

The bogey of a third party to a strike—the public—will be laid when the workers realize that it is put forth as a disguise for what the capitalist interests want society to be. When the social significance of strikers is understood, even to a moderate degree, it will be impossible to work this ancient gag. When it is realized, as it will be, that the strike is the workers' weapon for fighting the battle of progress, not only on their own behalf but on behalf of society, so great will be its potential effectiveness that labor will need only to carry it in sheath. While the strike is the weapon of last resort by the workers under present day arrangements, because of labor's failure to appreciate its position in the capitalist scheme of things, the time is at hand when the threat to strike will be labor's first weapon.

Labor is coming to realize that capitalist society is concerned only about its own convenience. Until the supply of society's needs and wants are interfered with, it gives no heed to how, by whom or under what circumstances these wants are supplied; and then it only seeks to remove the obstruction with as little inconvenience as possible and without at all striving to discover and remedy the causes which brought it about.

The proletariat, from its contact with and control over the tools of production, can and does use the strike as a weapon by which it endeavors, by shutting off the source of the employer's profit—the use of its labor power—to force concessions from him. As a weapon used intentionally to impress society the strike has never been employed. The reason that it has not, is because the workers do not understand its potency as a social weapon. They do not understand the social character of their own service.

Traitor To Itself

That they do not understand is the crime of the labor movement. In America the economics of labor are a sealed book to the workers. In the so-called organized labor movement of the United States few workers are acquainted with the laws that govern capitalist production, or even with the

history of the labor movement, and still fewer of them recognize the greatest outstanding labor fact of our time—the class struggle.

The organized labor movement of America has served the interests of capitalist society by fostering economic ignorance among the workers. 'Insofar as it has any philosophy, its teachings deny the class struggle. It has always catered to the idea of "the public" as a distinct social division. When, as a result, the workers are confronted with an emergency, they are at a loss how to proceed, because they know nothing whatever of their true positions; everything they believe they know only serves to render them worse than helpless, and they blunderingly contribute to their own defeats and undoing.

Acceptance of the idea of "public neutrality" has cost them many dear experiences; as, for instance, the Landis award in the Chicago Building Trades disputes; and the decision of an arbitrator in the New York Printing Trades controversy. The Railroad Labor Board is a standing refutation of this absurd fiction. The consciousness that the neutrality of the public is fictitious is growing among the workers. Nourished by the demonstrated inability of "public" representatives to decide impartially this feeling will develop into class consciousness with ever increasing rapidity.

That there are no neutrals in the class war, the facts of industrial life are impressing upon the proletariat which is forced to bear the brunt of the battle, because it is in the vanguard of the social army. Upon this element the capitalists launch every attack through which they aim at further conquests. Here it is a cut in wages; there an increase in hours and at other times they are speeding up the machinery and forcing intensity of personal effort by the workers. The capitalist's ambition can only be served by forcing the relinquishment of working class ambition; the security of the capitalist class is predicated upon the insecurity of the working class. This dangerous philosophy of the capitalists—with its restricted vision—makes no allowance for a breaking point. There is a failure to appreciate that, while the empty cupboard may serve the capitalist momentarily, hunger, like fire, may be a bad master as well as a good servant.

The Human Commodity

To sit in an office and estimate building materials is one thing; but men, packages of labor power, if you will—human commodities—while they are still commodities, are other than and entirely different from all other commodities, in that they are the embodiment of aspirations, ambitions, hopes, desires, wants and wills. In the mass they are held in check only by a lack of consciousness. Once they are driven to recognize the class nature of the struggle that victimizes them, their accomplishments will only be limited by the limit of their perspective.

To abuse the power they wield is the tendency

of all tyrannies, and they have all ended by creating the means by which they were to be overthrown. Capitalist autocracy is no exception. Perhaps never before in history have the lines been drawn so tautly, that separated exploiter and exploited, as today. The industrial autocrats are visiting oppression and denial upon the most potent force that humankind has ever produced. The fancied power of the capitalists is only a reflex of the lack of consciousness of the working class. They are continually and continuously disturbing labor without recognizing that labor is power. When they have annoyed the toil-worn sleeper of the ages into wakefulness, with the impression of his centuries old dream holding and dominating his consciousness, they will stand shivering before the giant they have aroused.

The problem of labor is the "problem of life" for the working class—of survival for the race. Every influence, regardless of the source from which it emanates, which oppresses labor in any way or to any degree, is not only anti-labor but it is anti-social as well. The workers constitute the only element necessary to human existence; that is, to the survival of the race. They are the indispensable social element. Every movement of the workers, when followed to its logical conclusion, will be found to have a social objective. Labor cannot win advantages for itself alone. Every right it secures for itself reinforces the social guarantee and signalizes that humankind has overcome an obstacle in its onward march. Every move, in promotion of capitalist ambition, is anti-social, for the capitalist ambition can only be gratified at the expense of the other great social division—the working class.

Deterioration of Human Commodity

Whenever it becomes necessary to throw millions into unemployment; to employ and to ruthlessly exploit the women, the mothers and potential mothers of the race; to condemn childhood to malnutrition and a treadmill existence; to overstrain the workers with long hours and intensified effort upon depreciating living standards, the physical qualities of the race are being constantly lowered and society imperilled.

To deprive the child of his playtime and opportunity for education is anti-social in the extreme. And of this capitalism is guilty. Everything that capitalist property dictates to its holders militates against the welfare of the race. The highest types of manhood are selected for destruction in wars, and the race suffers deterioration as a consequence.

All these factors the proletarian militants have taken cognizance of, and are working to the end that their significance be made known to the workers. They fight against almost discouraging odds. But the experiences of the workers are adding to their forces. Every day brings new recruits to inspire and reinforce them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Right to Live

By A. BUCKER

The Struggle For Existence, and the Economic Urge That Is Back of It—Not a Poetical Figure, But An Actual Fact—Worked Out in Factory, Field and Farm, It Gives Rise to Labor Organization and a New Idealism.

IN the July issue of *The Industrial Pioneer* is an article by James Lance under the caption "Smoke Wreaths and Visions" which splendidly sets forth the aims and aspirations of those migratory workers known as "harvest hands" which are the driving force in their great effort towards organization. In this article the author somewhat beclouds the issue at the very start with the following, more poetical than realistic, declarations;

"Certain urges and instincts which motivate the inhabitants of this old world, to an interested observer, are an endless source of wonder and speculation. Through them birds, beasts and their prouder biological descendants act in a manner which seems to have been determined by forces above and beyond their control or power of resistance. Our northern songbirds leave us to doleful contemplation of those days rendered more melancholy by the absence of their soul-stirring voices when the first breath of old King Winter paints the leaves bronze and purple and threatens dire things to come. The king salmon feels the urge thousands of miles down the latitudes and returns from his wanderings through the spaces of the southern ocean to spawn in the river in which he was a fingerling."

According to Fellow Worker Lance, the migrations of the above mentioned species of the animal kingdom seem to be an entirely unsolved mystery to the human mind although he himself later on in the article in question indicates quite clearly where to look for an answer to the seemingly unsolvable puzzles. As a matter of fact, there is nothing in these migrations that is any more mysterious than there is in the migrations of the harvest hands, the lumberjacks or construction workers.

Why Bird Migration?

Is it not quite reasonable to assume that the simple reason why the northern songbird migrates to a southern climate during winter time is because the struggle for existence compels him to do so? That in no way is he prompted by a desire for adventures or for traveling, neither does he intend to deprive some lonesome dreamer in the northern climate of the pleasure of his song, but he **must** make the journey or sacrifice his life.

We may also be justified in presuming that said northern songbirds belong to a species that has originated in the more temperate climate of the north and therefore cannot withstand the scorching sun of the tropics, hence his march towards the north every summer. As a matter of fact, his journey towards the south in winter time does not extend any farther south than what is necessary in order to encounter a suitable climate. Those songbirds who have originated in the tropics, like the canary bird, do not migrate but content themselves with a stationary home.

Similarly with the king salmon. Is it not logical to presume that the reason for him leaving the stream in which he was hatched is because the supply of food available was not sufficient for the multitude of hungry salmon, hence he started on his journey in search for something with which to sus-

tain life? That he goes back to the identical stream in which he first saw life is rather doubtful. Most likely he accepts any stream that facilitates the necessary swift current required for his fulfillment of his second strongest natural urge, the preservation of the species, and there performs his duty towards the future generation. We may only point to the fact that millions of salmon eggs are every year transferred from one place to another and deposited in the hatcheries and the process seems to meet no obstacles in the form of some kind of an inherited natural disposition in the species to be propagated just in that particular stream in which it was hatched.

Inherent Desires

Now to come to the next sentence in the article in question, we find that Fellow Worker Lance is inclined to believe that it is some kind of an inherent desire, peculiar to the migratory workers who follow the harvest field, that drives them out to the fields, a desire that cannot be resisted. It says: "And every spring when the breezes in the cities begin to give promise of hot stuffy nights and sweltering days between walls of stone and pavements of yielding asphalt the migratory worker thinks of the open spaces lying beyond the confines in which he has been passing his days in irksome monotony and—starts for the harvest."

This sounds poetical and no doubt is, and it is certainly very novel especially to one who was born and raised in a farming country and had to start aforementioned journey to the agricultural fields every spring, and start out at an early age at that, barely seven years old. As a matter of fact it is something new when one recalls how many tears were shed by children who were compelled to journey out in the field at six o'clock in the morning and work in the sugar beet fields ten or twelve long

hours per day. These kids certainly had a peculiar manner of expressing their joy over the splendid opportunity offered in exercising their natural desires and demands. To me and to all who ever labored on the agricultural field it stands as a fact that what drives us to do it is not the cravings for the open fields but economic necessity that urges us on.

Why Not Widespread Desires?

If we are to accept some particular adventurous desire on the part of the agricultural workers as being the main driving force that compels them out into the field, why not then look for some similar traits in the physical and mental make-up of the workers in other industries? Why not then dwell upon that peculiar characteristic in the lumberjack that compels him to leave his shelter in town and proceed out into the snow and cold or in the pouring rain in the woods and take down the trees and transport them to the sawmills, or the construction worker who is also unable to resist such undefinable urges and ventures out in the mudholes contracting an abundance of rheumatism and other sicknesses in seasons when all other human beings prefer the more comfortable fireside in the home?

There seems to be no other explanation for the migration of the workers than their struggle for existence. It is not the hot sun on the pavements in town, neither the beauty or the greatness of the open fields or the majestic forests that put us on the hike, but our empty stomach and ditto pocket book.

Heroic Struggles

Looking at the question from this point of view, and this only, it is with a great joy we behold the heroic struggle of the migratory workers towards building up a force strong enough to secure for them a place in the human family. It is the first real and conscious attempt made by the workers in their own behalf and conducted by themselves. All struggles in the past on the part of the workers have been class struggles, have been an endless effort on the part of the toilers to reassert their human rights to existence, but they have always been more or less unconscious attempts so far as the masses themselves are concerned. First with the inception of the IWW have such attempts on a large scale been undertaken directly by the workers themselves, and by workers conscious of the part they are playing in the evolutionary process known as life. Up to the present time the suppressed classes of mankind have been nothing but tools in the hands of their masters for them to use in their struggle for existence, similarly to the cultivated flora and the domesticated animals which today serve as an instrument in the hands of the owning class for their perpetuation in power.

Cultivated Flora

Our cultivated flora has undergone many changes as a result of artificially stimulated growth and grafting, cross breeding, etc. Thanks to such methods its fruition has either been enormously stimulated, as is in the case of apples, pears, and numerous vegetables, or entirely ceased as witness seedless

oranges, grapes and other seedless fruit. Although in either case it might be considered an advance so far as the owner of the plants is concerned, as to the plants themselves it means complete suicide should they be left to themselves. There is not one tree in a modern apple orchard of today that could survive in the struggle for existence should it be left to itself. In a very short time the whole orchard would be overgrown with some wild flora which has not been devitalized through any artificial cultivation.

Domesticated Animals

Similarly in regards to the domesticated animals. In a modern chicken ranch the hens lay at least fifteen times as many eggs as in their natural and free environment. The cattle are either developed with a view to obtaining as much milk from them as possible, or else such characteristics developed that make them especially desirable for beef animals.

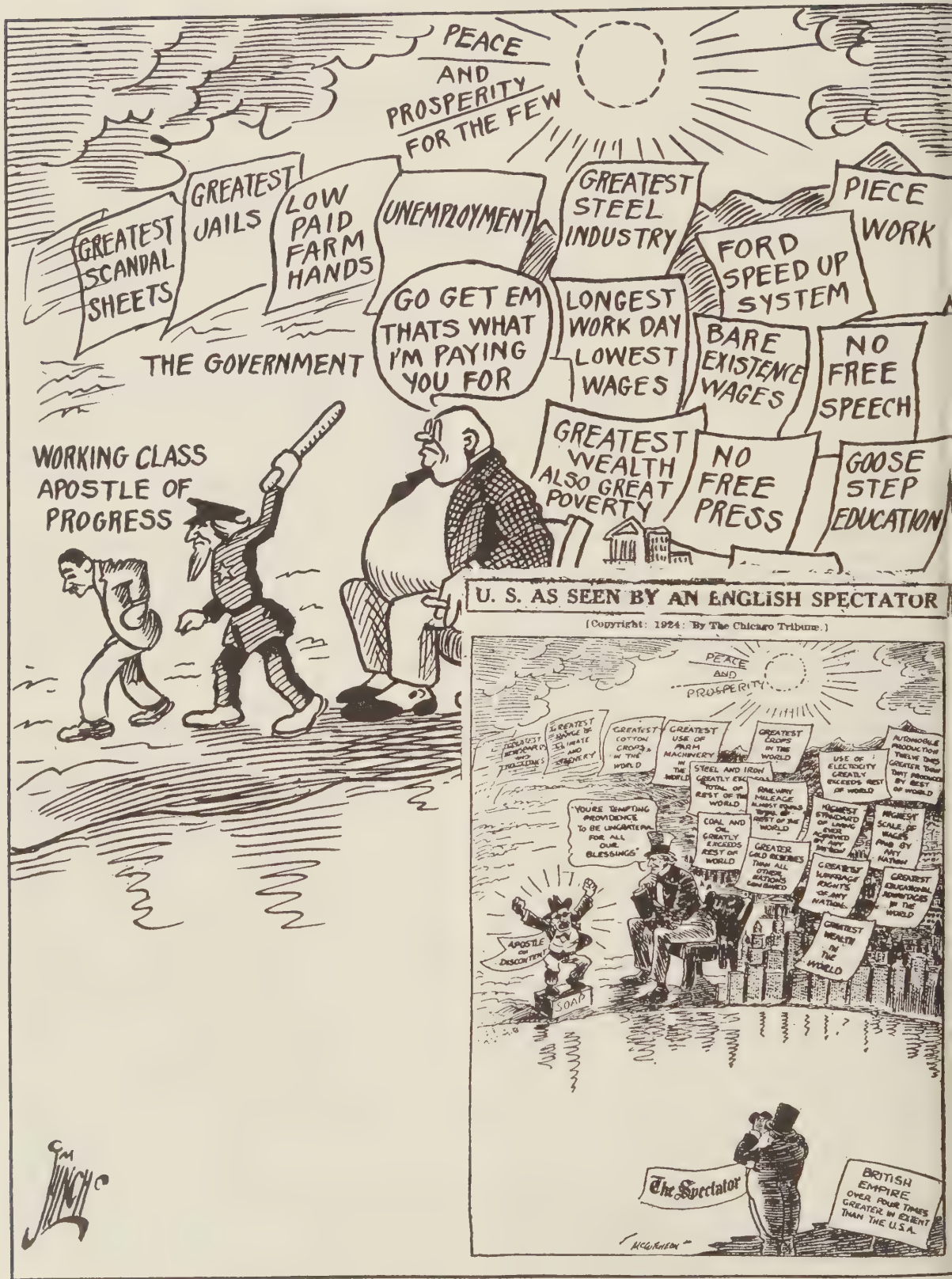
These husky and strong looking animals, if left without human protection and forced to fight their own battle for existence, would certainly be unable to survive. They would go down in defeat either against the elements or against some sturdier species of the animal kingdom. Yet they are the acme of usefulness to mankind.

Shall the millions of the toiling masses sink down into a similar dependency upon a small group of men who own them like they own the trees and the crop on the field, or the domesticated animals? Shall we, the workers, develop ourselves similarly to the domesticated animals so that our only value will be our usefulness to our owners? Shall we be nothing but a means in the hands of a master class by which that class can so much more successfully struggle for its existence?

If we are to become independent human beings, participating in the struggle for existence in our own behalf, it is necessary that we develop ourselves independently also. We must refuse to be domesticated in behalf of some particular class in society to whose interest it is to develop certain qualities within us and suppress others. And if plants and animals through artificial means have degenerated so that they are unable to reproduce themselves in an offspring sufficiently strong to survive, there is nothing to indicate that the same could not take place among suppressed classes of the human race.

The migratory workers are laying the foundation for an independent race through their relentless prosecution of their organization. At the rate they receive assistance from other groups of workers, the workers as a class will gain a correspondingly larger amount of security in life. The battle carried on by the harvest hands and other groups of militant workers, by the IWW as a whole, is far more vital than we are prone to think at a first glance at it. It is much more than a battle for a little more of the good things of life in the present form of society. It is a battle for the preservation of the whole human race with a biological significance far greater than we can really comprehend today. It is a battle for the right to live.

U. S. As Seen By a Worker



U. S. As Seen By a Proletarian Poet

Verses by Laura Tane



GARY RIDES SWIFTLY

The wind blows and blows
Where the green arm of the forest
Waves a sun-yellow handkerchief
To the wind that blows and blows . . .
A smothering vomit of smoke and slake
Over the honest misery
Of Braddock, Youngstown, Homestead
. . . . steel towns
Through which Gary rides swiftly
In a closed automobile . . . steel towns
Which have no sun-yellow handkerchief
For the wind to blow into.



VAGABONDS

Many times I saw them
Standing on the roof of a red freight train
Running swiftly into the south wind.
Strong-faced men
Looking as if they had held themselves
In the sun a long time.
A rough laugh they gave me
Sitting on the quiet hill . . .
But no longer do I wait
For the growl of the swift-running animal
As I sit on the quiet hill.
I too have become an Incurrible . . .
A vagabond-thief of yellow mornings
Running on swift feet out of the darkness.

PROMISE

A silver promise the dawn did keep
As I bent over my love asleep:
Her hair lay rippling in a blackened sea
And a lost red flower where her mouth
should be.

But now the day's demands are made
I bend beneath a monster's shade
Of sweating grease and a steel forge roar
And the silver promise is no more . . .
And the lost red flower is no more.

WE KEEP THE BOATS WARM

The lady slips into her silken bed
The light is golden above her head
Her cabin is warm as a chimney-nest
No cry of the east wind disturbs her rest.

But we below hear the snarl of the sea
As we shiver our limbs, men who are free;
The days spill hot coals upon our skin
The night weaves a blanket from a blizzard wind . . .

The lady climbs out of her nest-warm bed
The sun is golden above her head;
When we face the sting of a furnace heat
Or the eyes of the coals look thru our feet.

PITTSBURGH ANNIE

Her curtains were white when she was
young,
When the Gary chimneys were just begun;
When the slake was hid in the mists of sun
Her curtains were pure as a virgin nun.

But now the windows are bare and black,
The roses are dead behind her shack;
Her old man died on the mill's wheelrack,
Today she rides on her son's deathhack.





Cross- ing the Line

TRANSPORTATION OF MAN POWER IN THE HARVEST

LIKE a flood, creeping down the valleys and lowlands, sweeping higher and higher up the hillsides, leaving an island here and there, only to submerge them later, the harvest rushes northward. Or, like a forest fire, or a grass fire, it goes, because it strikes the standing grain, and passes along, leaving nothing behind.

Yet, it is not quite like either of these, for the flood goes up the Mississippi Valley, and the flame that burns off the grain is not red fire, but red card men, who save it, and do not destroy it.

The yearly harvest of wheat starts in the early days of June, in the northern part of Texas, and the state of Oklahoma. By the middle of June it has followed the wide line of ripening grain into Kansas, which is the second largest field of harvesting activity. By the middle of July it has pretty well cleared up the Kansas fields, the River Brothers, and the funny Kansas anti-cigarette laws, and the good Dutch custom of five meals a day are left behind in Eastern Kansas, and the hot, dry-land header-barges are left behind in Western Kansas. Then comes the more sparsely settled, poorer yielding Nebraska, and we are ready for the northern harvest belt, South Dakota, and especially North Dakota, and across the line into Alberta and Saskatchewan, Canada.

As this is written in the latter part of September, the line is being crossed, harvesting is under way in the Moose Jaw country, Canada.

More lines than one were crossed by the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110 of the I. W. W. this year. More crises than one were met and overcome.

The Land of Martyrs

The first was the hostility of the farmers of the South, which in previous years has resulted in anywhere from half a dozen to half a hundred victims. Men were arrested for criminal syndicalism, state vagrancy, or nothing at all, and kept in jail for years, months, or weeks, at the whim of the banker-controlled authorities.

This year there were few arrests, and fewer convictions in Oklahoma and Kansas. The strenuous battle put up by the General Defense has



BIG THINGS WILL COME OF IT

The Agricultural Workers' Office in Moose Jaw, Canada. It is small yet, but only a beginning.

made criminal syndicalism frame-ups expensive and uncertain; the law has been abandoned. Preliminary educational propaganda in the I. W. W. press and by leaflet has proved to the farmer of the South that the banker is his real enemy, and that the I. W. W. does not hold him guilty of all that the banker does. The I. W. W. has convinced at least a part of the farmers that they might as well pay decent wages as not, for what they do not pay to their harvest labor, the grain elevator monopoly and the country town banks will take from them, anyway.

In North Dakota this season opened most unpropitiously. As if to demonstrate that the I. W. W. was right when it accused the state of being under the control of the industrial rulership of the country, the farm bureaus, which are joint bodies composed of farmers and county agents, who represent the United States Department of Agriculture, the State Board of Agriculture, and the state universities, working hand in glove with the governor of the state, were ready for the Wobblies with a pretty clever, well organized scheme for the lowering of wages and the worsening of conditions.

First of all, they had advertised far and wide that North Dakota had a bumper crop. That was true. Moreover, the crop was late, and there was wide-spread unemployment throughout the East. So before the harvesting started, they had North Dakota flooded with the unemployed.

Then they proposed to create gangs of strike-breakers in the country towns, recruited from among the drugstore cowboys, and the bunch that usually join the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan, and the state militia. The farmers were notified of the wage to pay, usually from \$2.50 to \$3.50, and told to extort a pledge from each man they hired, that he would never ask for more, this whole season.

Then Governor Nogles' famous "Forty-eight Hour" proclamation was issued, calling on all officers of the law to permit no one to remain in their jurisdiction over forty-eight hours without a job. This was intended to compel the harvesters to go to work at whatever wage was offered.

The whole thing failed. The I. W. W. no longer approached the North Dakota harvest fields in the old-time, haphazard, reckless way. They no longer kept their delegates in the jungles. They used the sensible plan of stationing district organizers throughout the harvest "front," and these men, stationary delegates, learned their districts thoroughly, knew every job and every man, and cooperated with all other delegates and stationary delegates.

There were enough workers in Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110 of the I. W. W. to compel the farmer to hire some of them, or he couldn't get in his harvest. They insisted on having organized crews. They gave the unorganized man plenty of time to learn the organization, but then, if he wouldn't join, John Farmer had to fire him, or shock his grain and thresh it himself. Not only that, but his neighbor had to do it too.

As a matter of fact, there were few strikes, and practically speaking, no strikebreaking. John was whipped. He never had any interest in the fight anyway. The county agent system forced him into it, and the agents were badly whipped.

And Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110 of the I. W. W. sweeps on, harvesting the grain of the Middle West, demanding and getting fair treatment and about twice the wage the harvest worker would have obtained without it. It is crossing the line—the line between mere card selling and the permanent, organized control of an industry. The march of events, and the necessities of the situation are forcing it forward.



"THE JUNGLES"

Waste Places Where Unemployed Harvesters Congregate. The I. W. W. Motto Is "Out of the Jungles and Organize the Job!"

One Man Against the System

A BOOK REVIEW By GEORGE MORESBY

IN the north end of Lincoln Park in Chicago there is a bronze memorial group by Gutzon Borglum.

It portrays John Peter Altgeld, once governor of Illinois, standing with one arm outstretched over the heads of three kneeling figures—a poor man, his woman and his child—and the other arm held out in appeal to the world to be square with all the disinherited ones.

He stood as one man against the system which exploited the multitude, and he fought with shining courage. He pardoned the three so-called anarchists who had been sent to prison for life for the bomb-throwing in the Haymarket, not as a mere act of mercy, but because he knew from an analysis of the case that there had never been the slightest proof that they had anything to do with the killing of the policemen on May 4, 1886. And thus he brought upon his head the wrath of all who tried to block the movement for the eight-hour day.

Then, in the Pullman strike, he battled by telegraph with President Cleveland in protest against Cleveland's act of sending federal troops to help move trains at a time when the state authorities were maintaining good order. And because of this, plus the anarchist pardons, he became the target of one of the most bitter onslaughts of vilification in history. For nearly a decade his name was anathema to newspapers, magazines and men upon the public platform—until, in 1902, a broken man, he died.

Curiously enough, in the years that have followed, his name has gone into the discard. No man in public life has been more completely forgotten; one has ground for suspecting the newspapers of an undiscussed, automatic conspiracy of silence against Altgeld's memory. But now one man who has not forgotten has broken the silence. Waldo R. Browne has written a biography in which the full stature of this tragic figure is revealed. It is entitled "Altgeld of Illinois." Browne has evidently made a careful and exhaustive research of documentary sources for the data he uses. He has done a sterling service in stripping away the ugly myths attached to the name of this man who fought the system. The book is rich in illumination.

Altgeld was born in Germany in 1847, and was brought to this country by his parents when three months old. His father was illiterate and narrow, hard-headed, close-fisted. At an early age John Peter was pressed into service on the father's farm near Mansfield, Ohio. He wanted an education, wanted to become somebody out in the world, but the father was opposed,



and at times used a horsewhip to enforce parental rules. When the Civil War began, the boy was thirteen. Three years later, in response to a call by Lincoln for fresh troops, he joined the army, and for several months carried a gun in the swamps below Richmond. Years later he explained that in entering the army he merely did what other boys were doing. "It was the enthusiasm of those days, the drums and the flags and the rest of it, that led me to enlist," he said. "Not all that I went through in the war required half the courage that it took to sign the anarchist pardons."

He returned home after the war, and took up the routine on the farm again. In the winter of 1866, however, he became a schoolteacher as a partial escape from the atmosphere of home. He wanted to study law, but there was too much bitter objection to that from his parents, and so he kept on teaching until he was twenty-one. Then with ten dollars of borrowed money in his pocket, he set out to wander. For a year he was a migratory worker, suffering hardship, but pushing on. He moved southward and westward to Cincinnati and across Indiana and Illinois to East St. Louis, covering about 500 miles on foot, stopping occasionally to work for a meal or a night's lodging. In St. Louis he worked for a few weeks and studied law at night. Next he was laborer in a railroad grading crew near Fort Scott, Kansas. He became sick there with army fever and nearly died. Later while working for a farmer near Savannah, Missouri, he got acquainted with Judge David Rea, a lawyer there, who gave him a chance to study, and in 1871 Altgeld was admitted to the bar. He was then twenty-four.

Presently he was elected prosecuting attorney of Andrew County, Missouri. But, says Browne: "He was not long in discovering that the system of which he had now become a part had little to do with securing the ends of abstract justice—that indeed, as often as not, it must necessarily defeat those ends. As later characterized in his own words, it was a system 'based on a

We desire to expose the futility of reformism. Altgeld was as good a man as Jesus Christ, and wise, too, in his generation, but he failed as miserably as Christ. He did not leave the world a better place to live in. Revolution alone can do that.

mistaken principle; . . . a great mill which, in one way or another, supplies its own grist; a maelstrom which draws from the outside and then keeps its victims moving in a circle until swallowed in the vortex.' . . . After serving but half of his two-year term, Altgeld resigned."

Then, in 1875, he invaded Chicago, rented an office in the Reaper block, and partitioned part of it off for a sleeping room. Several strokes of good fortune brought him into contact with successful attorneys, and enabled him to better his position. In 1886, at the solicitation of friends he accepted the Democratic nomination for a judgeship in the Cook County Superior Court. He received the indorsement of a labor party which had lately sprung up in Chicago, and won the election.

He is credited with "making a change in the method of instructing juries in his court, which tended strongly to aid justice and secure intelligent consideration of the facts by juries." In 1890 his associates on the bench made him chief justice of their court. But a year afterward he resigned; the office had become irksome. Subsequently he wrote a little book in which he said: —

"As a rule, men elected to the bench have established a reputation of being men of strong character and growing intelligence, and if they had remained off the bench they would have continued developing. But as soon as a man is elected to the office of judge, all growth seems to cease; and after years of experience on the bench, he not only has not grown, but he has deteriorated.

"Instead of the independence which comes from fighting life's battles, which develops greatness, the judge too often, unintentionally and unconsciously, becomes merely the expression of what is for the time the dominant influence of the land. This dominant pressure is like the pressure of the atmosphere. It envelops him, and is almost irresistible. It requires tremendous strength of character to rise above it and be guided solely by the pole-star of justice."

When he left the bench Altgeld declared in an interview that he was out of politics, that he felt he could do more for his fellow-men if he let politics alone, and he spoke of office-holders as a class notable for cowardice and futility. But in the following year, when he was urged from many sides to run for the governorship of Illinois on the Democratic ticket, he acquiesced. And for the first time in nearly forty years Illinois elected a Democratic administration.

In Chicago there was an actively organized demand for the eight-hour day. In every strike for several years it had been the practice of the police to "crack all heads in sight until no man was left to stand upon his feet, and then announce that quiet was restored and the strike broken." Every strike, regardless of origin or nature, says Browne, was considered as evidence in itself that its participants were out to oppose law and order.

All this reached a climax in 1886. In February the McCormick harvester plant declared a general

lockout of its 1,400 employees. Mounted police there and elsewhere dispersed gatherings of workers, striking down men, women, children and on-looking shopkeepers with billies. On May 3 there was a bloody encounter between police and locked-out workers at the McCormick factory, several workers being killed and wounded.

Next day there was a protest meeting. Chicago's mayor, the elder Carter Harrison, attended. There was no disorder. As the gathering began to break up the mayor left. Immediately afterward Police Captain John Bonfield, notorious for having workers clubbed, appeared with reserves. Somebody threw a bomb. Seven policemen were killed and fifty-three were wounded.

Terror seized the city, engendered largely by the police and the newspapers. Eight men were picked for trial. They were convicted amid unprecedented hysteria, and seven were sentenced to be hanged, although there was not a scrap of evidence to connect any of them with the throwing of the bomb. One was sentenced to 15 years in prison. Later Governor Oglesby commuted the sentences of three to life imprisonment; one then committed suicide in jail; and five were hanged.

In pardoning Fielden, Schwab and Neebe, the three who had served seven years in prison, Altgeld pointed out that the case had been tried by jurors admittedly prejudiced, and especially picked because of their prejudices; that the State had never shown any connection between the men convicted and the thrower of the bomb; that the Haymarket riot was not the result of a conspiracy at all; that the fact that only one bomb was thrown indicated that the act was one of personal revenge in retaliation for police brutality; and that Judge Joseph E. Gary conducted the trial with malicious ferocity.

Then the storm broke. Altgeld had indicted the judge and the community for judicial murder. Against the governor now a fire of personal vituperation was turned which endured for years. And in the end they broke him, politically, financially, physically.

Throughout all the storm he kept his courage. Once when he was close to ruin (he had dealt in real estate and built the finest office building of its time, the Unity Building in Chicago), a bribe of \$500,000 was offered to him by an agent of Charles Yerkes, traction magnate, who wanted certain monopoly bills passed; the money was actually put into the hands of one of his associates for him. But Altgeld refused the money and vetoed the bills.

He died in 1902. Thousands came in the rain to pay tribute where his body lay in the Chicago Public Library. And at the funeral services there were speeches by Jane Addams and by Altgeld's law partner, Clarence Darrow. Then the long silence began.

Altgeld of Illinois, By Waldo R. Browne. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 342 pages. \$3.

A Kosher Revolution

(A Review by Card No. 794514)

A FRIEND of mine who knows something about these sort of things rang me up on the telephone and told me I had to go and see "The Beggar on Horseback," which is a sort of play that has come into Chicago. My friend couldn't say too much in its favor. "It's a fine piece of work," says he. "It's the story of the revolt of the middle class, a Kosher revolution. The capitalist press catches hell. It's a most sarcastic thing. You'll have to go and see it, and review it for the Pioneer."

So I did go to see it, and it was all that he said it was. It is the tale of one Neil McRae, a poverty stricken musical genius—there must be a hundred thousand like him. For his daily bread he has to do orchestration in jazz, which he loathes, and meanwhile the immortal symphony he was writing rather languishes. Nothing very original so far.

Enter the family Cady, Mr. Cady, big business (Lord knows there are too many like him), Mrs. Cady who loves hymns, Homer Cady the loungelizard, and Gladys Cady the jazzhound. The Cadys knew the McRaes before Mr. Cady got his first million, and for old times' sake they decide to buy up McRae. They've bought everything else worth having, and they are beginning to take up things second best—they'll take a chance on Neil.

Neil and his friend, a young doctor, and his sweetheart, about whom there is dispute as to whether she can play the piano or not, have all advised said Neil that if he doesn't find someone to subsidize him while he works on the symphony, he will go bugs. He's already so nervous that the doctor starts feeding him hop as soon as he sees him.

So—the obvious thing—the Cadys will subsidize him. Of course, there are impediments. First he has to marry Gladys, and then the old man says he has to quit music for a while and learn the ins and outs of the business, and then they elect themselves a board of critics to pass on his music.

Well, Neil proposes, and is accepted, and then sinks into a drugged sleep and sees things.

Neil imagines himself married to the tune of "Slippery Sue," or "Sweet Mamma," or something, me, I'm not well enough acquainted with music to tell which or what. It is a grand wedding, with kids selling the wedding guests chocolate bars and soda pop while the minister jazes off the ceremony.

Then business, the "widget factory" of Mr. Cady, where you fill out thirty papers to requisition a pencil, and bribe the board of directors barefacedly, before the audience.

Then the aggravated Neil, finding the jazzhound tearing up his completed part of the symphony, kills out the Cady family with a paper knife.

This is the best part of the play. The reporters interview Neil, and within ten seconds the "Daily Morning-Evening," a burlesque newspaper, appears. It contains a whole front page spread about the

Cady killing. The delicate irony of Messrs. Kaufmann and Connelly, authors of the play, and presumably of the "Daily Morning-Evening," is shown in this, that with a few unimportant exceptions, the murder is reported exactly as it happened on the stage. No capitalist paper would ever do that! The rest of the paper is pretty good too—consider the following item, which I clip at random:

HAS MONEY ENOUGH; GIVES BIG BUSINESS TO EMPLOYEES

Warren W. Warren, internationally celebrated as the Oil-skin King, and head of Warren, Inc., a million-dollar corporation, threw a bombshell into business circles yesterday when he announced that his vast organization would hereafter be run exclusively by his employees. Beginning Jan. 1, Mr. Warren will make over his entire business to the men who have been working for him, and they will receive practically all profits.

"I have money enough," said Mr. Warren last night, at his home in Park Avenue, "so I am going to give my loyal employees a chance. After all, it is they who have made the business, so why should they not have an opportunity to share in the profits? For many years Warren, Inc., has been earning two million dollars a year. Under the management of my employees, who will work harder because they will be working for themselves, the profits should be at least five million."

"To be conservative, however, and to give my old workers a chance, I am fixing on four million as a fair figure, and every cent of profit over this amount will be divided among the employees. Hereafter the business will be theirs to do with as they wish. A board elected by the men will govern the business, and I will not interfere in any way except to decide things. If the men agree with me on important points they will have their way about everything."

Under the new management, Mr. Warren said, he would be able to reduce the number of his employees by ten per cent, and make many more widets.

* * *

There's the burlesque trial, not so good, and in the course of it, as part of the expert testimony, the Neil McRae composition, a pantomime entitled "A Kiss In Xanadu" which is dainty.

The verdict is against the kiss in Xanadu, and McRae is sentenced to serve life with other poets, artists, novelists, and assorted intellectuals, in the culture factory of capitalism. You see him grinding out music for "Goo-goo-googly" songs, while in the neighboring cell the greatest American novelist makes a new novel out of scraps from his last one. The last novel was called "Eternal Love," so this one's gotta be called "Love Eternal."

The capitalist class conducts a chant of victory in back of the cells, where Mr. Cady irrationally comes to life (does this imply that you can't kill the miserable skunk?) and cracks the whip over the artists. The chant goes something like this:

We pay you—we pay you!
You take our money and you'll live our way;
We pay the piper, and we tell him what to play;
We pay you—we pay you!

The rest of the play doesn't matter. There is no adequate solution of the problem of the intellectual, well skilled, highly sensitive proletarian, in this play.

I wonder whether there is a solution of his problems, in this generation? Each master class throughout history has built up a science and an



THE SUPPRESSION OF GENIUS

art, and there have been scientists and artists. Frequently, being exceptionally intelligent, and nervously overstrung individuals, they have accomplished some wonderful criticism. They have no solution of the problem, and usually are so thoroughly corrupted by their life, whether they revolt or not, that they resist revolution when it comes, and perish. The intelligentsia of the French kingdom did it—probably the Russian intellectuals do it, certainly most of the American artists and intellectuals will do it.

I have a friend who is one of the great mathematicians of America. He has his solution of the question, a solution for the scientists, rather than for the artists. Says he, "Let foreign wars continue, but we will organize the scientists, and keep them out. Let capital and labor fight to the death, we will organize the scientists in their own interests and keep them out of it. And then when our organization is ready, and the other classes are weakened by strife, we will exterminate them with poison, germs, electricity, and atomic explosions—the end shall strictly justify the means. We will save just enough of those with strong backs and weak minds to minister to our comforts, and after that it will be a good world to live in."

Well I don't know. But I think that the world will be saved by laborers, and not by the artists and scientists. I don't think these latter can overcome their present class affiliations and their individuality enough to strike for the dictatorship. Most of them will probably be so obstreperous when the revolution does come that they will have to be restrained in some way, and they will surely sabotage. But others will grow up, more in harmony with the new order, and at home in it, and their lives will be fine and free in a way that no artist can be free at present. If any of the cultured can see this, and at the risk of immediate discomfort, work towards it, they will have demonstrated themselves more useful to their class than my mathematical friend. And meanwhile we can shorten the agony of the rest by organizing labor.

One of the Pall Bearers

(Continued from Page 16)

ertied class! How could he hope to combat it single-handed! To anyone but a fool such was impossible! Would he be tried and sentenced for murder—he, an innocent bystander? No. He was not an adept at the art of murder, he was not experienced in the science of robbery. He knew nothing about the use of arms and was frightened at the sight of blood. He was nothing but a working slave. All the training of a lifetime had rendered him incapable of doing such things! Such acts are committed by the scorpions—always deadly and poisonous—which breed under the dark, dark stone walls of capitalism's prisons, and who grow rank and strong on oppression and on the filth of poverty on the outside! But not he—not he—he does not want the money there beside him.

The bloody figure on the pavement moved, and startled him out of the terror of his immobility. He fled.

Finally in the early hours of the morning he arrived at his own dirty tenement. He crept upstairs and slid noiselessly into their housekeeping room.

"Is that you, dear?" asked his wife.

"Ssh! Yes. But don't light a light. You must say, if anyone asks you, that I have been here all night." And he sank down on the bed and related his experience.

"And when such crimes as that happen on our public streets at ten o'clock at night," he concluded, "it is a sign that capitalism is dying. Yes, Mary, capitalism is dying fast. The Revolution will soon be here."

"You didn't make any money, I suppose, did you?" she asked with a shade of hope in her voice. "No?, Well, I bet you are hungry, ain't you? You know, I made some stuff that's awful good. I found a dry loaf of bread in the box in the hall where we put old papers—guess Smiths put it there—he is working now—and it wasn't dirty at all—nothing there only papers and sweepings, you know. Well, I soaked it and chopped up that onion I had and fried it in some drippings I had in an old can. It tastes just like dressing! We saved you some. Don't you want it now? Oh, come on, it won't hurt to light the gas.—The meter is run out, but you can hold the skillet over the gas jet and it will warm all right. Oh, I forgot, we only have one match. Maybe we had better save it. We might need it. You don't think we will have a revolution before we can get another box, do you?"

He kissed her affectionately. "Maybe I can get a little of something to do tomorrow. God knows I am willing enough." And he struck the match and ate the food.

NEXT MONTH: "NEMESIS," BY ADAM NOIR. A SEQUEL TO "ANNIE."

The Great Lakes Are Open Shop

(By LEN de CAUX)

THE Great Lakes are Open Shop. The tentacles of the monster Steel Trust have stretched out over the waters that separate its mills from its mines, to crush the independence of the seaman, to reduce them to the same level of helplessness as its slaves on land. Operating through its subsidiary, the Pittsburgh Steamship Co., the trust controls the policy of the Lake Carriers' Association, which in its turn controls the bulk of the shipping on the Great Lakes. Let us see what the "Open Shop principle," under which the Lake Carriers' Association operates, means to the men who sail the Lakes.

To hire out on the Lakes we must go to one of the Lake Carriers' Assembly Rooms. Nearly all the shipping is controlled by the L. C. A., and the officers have orders to hire only through the association's halls. We enter the hall, and the first thing we learn is that we shall have to buy our jobs. No one is hired who has not paid a dollar down for a membership book in the "Welfare Plan." We look in the book and find that the holder is entitled "to the use and all the privileges of any Seamen's Assembly Rooms of the L. C. A." He is assured "impartial justice . . . under the Open Shop principle."

We join the forty or fifty men who are sitting on the benches or standing around in the bare, dirty hall. Unless shipping is unusually brisk there is no saying how long we may have to wait. By day we sit and wait hour after hour, afraid that if we leave the hall for a minute the telephone bell will ring and we'll miss a chance of shipping out. At night the floor will be covered with newspapers, and most of us, unable to afford a room, for it is dire necessity that drives us to seek a master, will stretch out our limbs on the hard floor and sleep as best we can, to wake up stiff and tired in the cold, grey morning.

"The birds of the air have nests and the beasts of the field have lairs, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head."—That is to say, if the son of man in question happens to be a worker in modern capitalist society and to be unemployed, the chances are that he will be driven out of the park at night by the cops, or else by the rain or drenching dew. He may have to take his choice between a boxcar and a jail. If he has a little money, the bedbugs in a filthy flophouse are worse company than the groaning, cursing, sweating or shivering sons of man who are crowded together on the floor of the Lake Carriers' hall.

As we wait and wait again for the master's voice to call, we become acquainted with our fellow slaves in the hall. Some of them have been here two or three weeks. They tell us how they have been passed up time and again, because the fink in charge of the hall had it in for them for one reason or another. But let us first wait and see for ourselves how the hiring is done, so that we can check up their stories from our own experience.

* * * *

Suddenly the bell rings. A rustle of expectation runs through the hall. The Fink enters an order in the book. He comes out of the office and walks

slowly around the hall, looking us over. There is silence, as we wait for the great man's decision. He stops short in front of a fireman—"Let's see your book." He looks at the man's record (one of the privileges for which you pay a dollar is that of having the boss keep a record of your behavior on every job, so that if you show any independence you may know what to expect). The record of discharges seems to satisfy the Fink, and the man is shipped. Other firemen in the hall grumble awhile that they have been waiting far longer than he, and then they relapse into apathy.

Another long wait and the bell rings again. This time the Fink stands by the door and calls out, "I want a good, husky coal-passer." A dozen men jump to their feet, and a dozen hands reach for their books. The Fink picks out the huskiest man he can see, paying no attention to the complaints of the men who figure it's their "turn to be shipped." Time passes. We are wondering where the next meal is coming from, when the bell is heard again. "Is William White in the hall?" There is no response. The Fink waits at the window, until one of the waiting deckhands thinks he may have a chance and goes up to him. He gets the job, as the Fink cannot wait any longer for "William White".

So it goes on. When the next order comes, the Fink calls the names of two men who are waiting, and they are shipped immediately. He seems to have plenty of favorites. How much it costs to be his favorite is not known to those of us who are broke.

We look more closely now at some of the men who have been waiting longest. We begin to sympathize. There's Charley. He's a Limey and an old salt. He has seen a lot of the world. He has got used to rebuffs and hardships. But he's weatherbeaten now and growing old. His back is bent from hard work, and nearly all his energy seems to have been used up. The boss wants youth and muscle more than experience. Every time there is a call Charley gets to the front with his book, but every time the Fink brushes him contemptuously aside and picks a younger man.

Then there is "Big Slim." He is young enough, husky enough! He has an A B's ticket and the record in his discharge book of having worked the whole season through last year as wheelsman on the same boat. But he has been waiting three weeks to ship. He is broke now and willing to ship as

deckhand, on the first job of any kind that comes along. But the Fink will not ship him. He tells him that there are only one or two good wheelmen in the hall, and that he must have him on hand for the job, in case a wheelman is suddenly called for.

What is the big Swede fireman in the corner saying? He has been waiting two weeks for a job, and has seen man after man ship out ahead of him. A long time ago, he says, he had a row with the Fink at this hall and tore up his book in front of him. Now he has a new book, but the Fink has not forgotten his face or his name, and passes him up each time.

* * * *

An argument has been raging for some time on the other side of the hall. It seems to center around Shorty, wheelman and old-timer. Shorty is something of a sea-lawyer; he likes to lay down the law, and that's what he is doing now. "I tell you, the shipping commissioner isn't going to help you any. Why" Here he launches out into reminiscences about an old shipmate. This is the story of Tom's luck.

"Tom wasn't a Wobbly." Every time that Shorty has to mention the word "Wobbly" he lowers his voice, fearing that the Fink may hear him. "But I guess the skipper thought he was, on account of his kicking so much. Tom was always telling us what we ought to have. Anyway, the skipper had it in for him for some reason, and was always figuring how he could get back at him.

"We were anchored off South Chicago one afternoon. They wouldn't let us in to dock right away, so we had to drop the hook out in the lake. Tom wanted to go ashore, so he went up and asked the old man. 'Sure, go ahead' is what he said, according to Tom. So Tom went ashore in a launch.

"But while he was away, the skipper figured that now was the time to pay back old scores. He told the commissioner that a man had deserted before the boat was tied up in dock, and asked him what he ought to do. The commissioner told him that since the boat was not at 'safe anchorage' he had the right to hold all the 'deserter's' belongings and make him forfeit all the money that was coming to him.

"So when Tom hit the dock, the skipper would not let him go aboard. Tom never got back his clothes, and he lost nearly a month's wages that were coming to him."

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Such, then, is "impartial justice to the employes . . . under the Open Shop principle." Such are the "privileges" which cost us a dollar a year! The worker's part in the "Hellfare Plan" is dearly bought. The dollar out of his pocket is the least he loses. He forfeits his organization, he forfeits all the benefits of unionism, he forfeits what little independence is possible to the wage worker under capitalism.

The Steel Trust octopus has the seamen of the Great Lakes in its strangling grip. The Hellfare Plan means blacklisting, it means discrimination, it means complete submission to the will of the employers. As for "open" shop, just let the Fink know that you are a good union man and see how open it is for you. At the mercy of the Fink when hiring out, at the mercy of the officers when hired, at the mercy of the boss at all times, the seamen know from bitter experience what it means to be unorganized. Only organization, only unionism can remedy this situation and abolish the Fink hall.

Toilers Prepare

By HAROLD ALLINGER

HUNGER is stalking abroad in the land.
Why submit to starvation and not lift a hand?
Food there is plenty; the granaries are full,
Warehouses bursting with wheat and with wool,
We who created, 'tis ours to demand
When the toilers prepare.

Must men ever trail their pride in the dust,
Must maids ever yield love's dream to the lust
Of brutal oppressors? Must we crouch in fear?
They are robbing us now of all we hold dear.
Must we render them thanks for a rag and a crust?
Tyrants Beware!

Up through the Ages of Darkness we strained.
Of all we've created what have we gained?
Thrown on the scrap heap when aged or maimed.
Their dogs they will feed, though our babies must die
Wanting the care that our wages won't buy.
Will we thus submit to be tortured and shamed?
Oh! Toilers Prepare!

We toil through the dark, yet we long for the light.
Is there no sign in this terrible night
To point to the path that will lead us aright?
Oh! Follow the Three Stars, we cannot go wrong.
Alone we are helpless, together we're strong
And morning will dawn when the toilers unite.
Then tyrants beware!

Tyrants may torture and traitors betray,
Mobs ever waiting the toilers to slay,
While in dark dungeons our brothers decay.
Ye unorganized! Lend a hand in the strife.
Cowards! Will ye not even battle for life?
For shoulder to shoulder we'll soon win the day.
When the toilers prepare,
Then tyrants beware!

Super Power

By "AUSSIE"

IN the New York Times of June 28 there appears an article dealing with the growth of super-power in the Northeastern states. It says: "Recommendations for the construction and development of great interconnected steam and hydro-electric power projects throughout the Northeastern section of the United States, estimated to make possible a saving of 50,000,000 tons of coal annually, lower the cost of producing electric power and extend the use of electricity generally to farm areas, are contained in a report made public today by the engineer subcommittee of the Northeastern Superpower Committee, headed by Herbert Hoover."

It is estimated that this scheme will be in operation in 1930 and that it will cover all the New England States and go as far south as Maryland and the District of Columbia and as far west as Pennsylvania.

This is only one of the many projects of a similar character being organized in the United States. Some are merely in the process of investigation, others are in the construction stage, and a comparatively few are operating. Already in the West they are tying-in an area which reaches from Oregon down to Arizona. Semi-feudal Dixie, the home of cheap labor and child labor, is developing another vast chain of hydro-electric energy, which is gradually shifting from a coal basis to that of water power.

A Terrific Power

Super-power may be said to be the most important industrial factor in the United States. It will be many years before its full weight is felt, for it will revolutionize the whole country, in a more drastic manner than any social upheaval or war. Already it reflects itself in the slump in the soft coal industry, the two shifts a week in Southern Illinois, the miserable and intolerable outlook in the Pennsylvania soft coal districts, described vividly recently by James Maurer, President of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor. This is no seasonal slackness, no passing phase of the coal industry. It marks the end of an epoch in which Coal was king, in which factories, railroads, homes and hearths were its particular domain. Of course Coal will still remain as a giver of heat and a source of power, but it will merely be as an auxiliary to Super-power.

Eliminating Waste—And Men

At present something like 17 per cent of the coal of the U. S. is burnt to haul the other 83 per cent to the place where it is burnt. That is going by the board. It is regarded nowadays in engineering circles as unmitigated waste. In fact, it is but a short step to the time when the burning of coal as coal for heat will be prohibited by legal enactment. Coal can be distilled. Under distillation processes coal becomes a wonderful source of hundreds of complex chemicals, dyes and phenols. Henry Ford, with his

characteristic inquiring organization, is now taking a ton of coal which costs \$2 at the pit mouth and which costs an additional \$2 for haulage, and he is distilling it at his plant and turning it into \$27 worth of coke and chemicals. Nothing goes to waste and the surroundings of the plant are as free from smoke and steam as the breast of the ocean. After he has extracted the chemicals and byproducts the residue he has left has still greater heating power and power producing quality than the original coal from the mines. And research chemistry is still only on the fringe of what coal contains, the future is still ripe with promise, with possibilities of gigantic forces to be utilized and harnessed. The chemist and engineer are striding into the foreground once occupied by the rainmakers, and the politicians.

Some of the changes that will be made will involve the following:

1. The establishment of powerhouses at the mines where the coal will be distilled, and the residue used for the production of power. This will eliminate the haulage and consumption of millions of tons of coal annually.

2. This power will not cost perceptibly more than that derived from large hydro stations such as Niagara and Hetch-Hetchy, on account of the by-products from the coal.

3. Huge transmission trunk lines to carry as high as 220,000 volts which will make transmission a very cheap process.

4. The establishment of what we might term "power reservoirs" to which all local generating stations flow and from which all producers are supplied. In Pennsylvania Governor Pinchot—one of the few politicians who are yet awake—foresees the electrification of every farm, the electrification of trunk line railroads and a radical reduction in charges which will follow upon the integration of their system.

Machine Made Revolution

All over the country a network is being established. It will triumph over old forms of industrialism and cause modifications in the laws, and change social relationships. We are on the verge of great events, as revolutionary in character as the invention of the spinning wheel, the first steamboat and the wireless telephone. The drudge of daily life, the menial tasks, the farm chores and a thousand and one drawbacks of our present civilization are to pass before the harnessed steeds of Niagara and the distilled black diamonds of Wyoming and Connellsville.

And where are we, the working class, bound? In 1930 the Northeastern project will eliminate 50,000,000 tons of coal annually. That means that 50,000 miners will lay down their picks and never go

(Continued on page 39)

Breadline Fables

No. 1.—HE WORKED HIMSELF OUT OF WORK.

"D'jeat?"

"No!"

"Well, cumon, I got foah bits. We'll both eat."

The preceding few words were exchanged between two migratory workers about nine a. m. of a July day in a Southern Oregon terminal. This was one of those years when the warehouses were filled to overflowing and vicious dogs were kept near back yard gates to frighten away the more timid of the great army of the unemployed.

Perhaps three years of time were all that marked the difference in the ages of these two ex-producers. The interrogator had several more years of industrial experience to his credit and was given over to holding a more cheerful outlook on circumstances.

"Why so much crepe-hanging, Bo?"

"Well, I can't find a job and I've been broke for two days."

"Say, didn't you know you can't work when there's no work to do?"

"No!"

"I've given up hope of finding work. What concerns me now is how can I get something to eat. I worked for seven years and at the end of that time I was worse off than when I started because I was only given enough in wages to keep me in shape to get back on the job again the next day. So, howinhel cud I save anything? The plant shut down and I became a rambler. I have found many more ex-producers in the same boat. I was laying on my back under the shade of a large oak tree one summer day and an idea came to me that the reason so many workers were on the bum was because they worked too long hours and too fast. Actually working themselves out of a job! I belonged to a union, but that union did not take any heed of how much we produced, but seemed to boast of how much they could do for the boss in a few hours and that they thought the boss was a fine fellow to give them a job. I also found out that nearly all the men on the bum were union men or at least they had held membership in a craft union; often called graft union. When our union in St. Louis went out on strike the same brotherhood in New York worked overtime to fill the orders for the firm in St. Louis. This really defeated our efforts to improve our conditions and those of us who were more active became blacklisted after

the strike was over and wherever we went some word had been sent ahead of us that we should not be employed because of our agitation.

"In appealing to the different unions of my craft for help, I was met with a dumb reply. Then I learned that the international officials of my union were being bought by the manufacturers, and that we did not have the power to unseat them. The result was that I dropped my membership in the union altogether. One night I was attracted to a large crowd in the street intently listening to a man talking from a box.

"I joined the crowd and to my surprise this man was telling them just the ideas I had about cutting down the hours and slowing up on the job. I became rivetted to the spot in rapt attention as the speaker continued to pass out logical ideas as a solution to this social problem of unemployment and poverty. He did advocate unionism, but of a better brand than any I had ever before heard. He laid particular emphasis on the need of solidarity among the workers and their recognizing that an injury to one worker is an injury to all workers. All of the workers in one industry would belong to one union and when a strike was called in one industry all of the workers in that industry would stop work and if need be all of the workers in all of the industries would lay down their tools to show their solidarity and make the strike so effective the boss would be forced to give in.

"When the meeting was over I made inquiries among the crowd about the qualifications required of an applicant. They quickly informed me that all wage workers were eligible to membership regardless of race, sex, creed or color, that the form of organization was ruled from the membership and not from the officials. As soon as I had the small amount required for initiation I became a member of this union and found myself among a group of workers fitting themselves through study and observation to handle the machinery of production and distribution and do away with an idle class who do no useful work."

"Say, that sounds good to me, Bill! Where is their headquarters? I want to line up the first chance I have. You sure have made things look brighter to me, and I hope some time I can help some other fellow!"

"So long!"



EDITORIALS

By The Editor

RICHES ON THE SEAS

NO capitalists are any better organized or any closer hooked up with the big financial rulers of the world than are the shipping interests. Morgan is almost as much a ship owner as he is a banker. Big business knows what is coming next, barring revolution, of course, and takes care to put its money where it can expect results will follow.

It is next to impossible to calculate the earnings of the ship owners of the world. The international character of their traffic, the possibilities for cheating, the connection with the government, through the necessity of governments to maintain a "naval marine" for time of war, the prevalence of subsidies in one form or another, all this makes it even more possible for the sea grafter to hide his gains than for the land grafter.

But we hold it for certain that the big lords of business would not sink their money in the sea. If they put it into ships, they are getting it back with increase. Consider these figures then, supplied by Lloyd's of London to the Statesmen's Yearbook. In 1923 the merchant steam tonnage of the world was 57,939,000, a gain, in spite of all destruction during the world war, of 15,425,000 or more than one-third over that of 1914.

There's money in boats. Here's the reason. The same authority states that in 1923 the foreign commerce of the United States amounted to \$6,877,847,674; that of Great Britain amounted to \$880,000,000,000; that of France was \$3,152,305,000; and of Germany \$2,543,775,000. Excluding the land traffic of Mexico and Canada with the U. S. A., and of France with Germany, the bulk of this enormous marketing is done by means of shipping. All of England's foreign commerce is carried on by ships. Don't you think that the owners of the ships get a rich profit from all this?

Does the ship owner do any of the work? He does not. It is the longshoremen, seamen, firemen, engineers and other workers on and around ships who carry this immense treasure back and forth across the seas. Theirs is the labor; to them belongs the profit—let them organize and take it.

THE SLOW MAGELLANS

THE 'round-the-world fliers are in Chicago, and in all honor to them, they accomplished a noble feat. We know they were sent to advertise the navy at home and scare Morgan's debtors abroad, but the men who built the planes and those who flew them were skillful and bold. It is rightly that the world hails them as "The Swift Magellans."

Just the same, it is not well to exaggerate their importance. Aeroplane carriage will work for mail, though at that it is extremely expensive, the U. S. Postmaster General in his last report claiming that

the airplane rate of eight cents per ounce does not pay expenses. Aeroplanes are speedy and efficient carriers of light weight, precious or perishable merchandise, where cost of operations do not count. Also, we do not know how soon they will be so improved that they can carry heavy freight, or better stated because more probable, we do not know how soon it will be before some other type of airship is invented, which will carry heavy freight.

But we workers cannot indulge in such speculations when it comes to organization. We must keep our heads out of the clouds, and see the situation as it is. The danger to the railroad workers and to the marine transport workers is not that they will be thrown out of their jobs by aeroplane carriage—at least not yet. That is not the immediate danger. For every ton of freight that is carried by aeroplanes, a million is drawn by electric locomotives, or carried in ships equipped with Diesel engines. In either case, the amount of freight carried per man is enormously greater than the amount per man under the old system of steam locomotives on the railroads, and reciprocating engines on the ships. There is still the vast and overwhelming need of industrial unions, in the transport industry, both by land and by water. Railroad workers and seamen may not be as spectacular as the "Swift Magellans" of the air. But the goods of the world are carried by them, if not as fast as the 'round-the-world fliers can go, still in vastly greater quantity, and at that, much faster than the ships of the real historical Magellan could go. Railroad workers and seamen have economic control, even if they do not fill the front pages of the newspapers. Let us hope they will organize to use their control.

THE CRIME COMMISSION

THE notorious Chicago Tribune has been agitating for a long time for an Illinois State Constabulary, modeled after the Pennsylvania system for state police, under which troops of Cossacks are stationed in all industrial and especially mining centers.

Now they are organizing to secure such a corps of gunmen. The new organization is to be known as a "Crime Commission" and is holding regular meetings, "making plans to combat murder in the city of Chicago."

The fact that the most important, and best known murder, that ever took place in the city of Chicago, was the slaying of the son of a retired pawnbroker by two degenerate sons of trust officials, does not cause the Tribune to change its tactics. This mouthpiece of big business is out for gunmen to use against workers.

EDITORIALS

By Pioneer Readers

WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW?

By P. J. WELINDER

WHILE the aftermath of the war has brought about varying periods of prosperity and depression among the employing class, to us, the workers, it has meant one continuous chain of increased suppression, unemployment and starvation.

The "centering of the management of the industries into fewer and fewer hands," as pointed out in our Preamble, as well as the concentration of capital into fewer hands and thereby a concentration of the economic power into the hands of a very small and very powerful plutocracy, is taking place very rapidly. The failure of our organization to gain ground at an equal rate with the concentration of capital leaves us comparatively weaker today than we were prior to the war.

It is true that a far greater number of the workers recognize the I. W. W. today as their most powerful weapon in the class struggle than a few years ago. We have gained a lot of confidence among the toiling masses, and we are on the verge of being respected,—perhaps also "respectable." But let us not forget that this is not entirely due to our own work.

In this time of such intensified struggle for existence, millions of toilers, who heretofore have enjoyed a rather steady employment, find themselves thrown on the slave-market and in search of a master. This causes them to speculate somewhat over the forces which caused the change and also to look somewhere for a remedy. It is only logical that the I. W. W., with its splendid record, should attract their attention. But numerous radical bodies have likewise attracted those new victims of the masters' growing hunger for profit. Thus we have several new political parties, leagues, "borers-from-within," independent unions, etc., most of whom are gaining their recruits more on account of the increased exploitation and unemployment than through their own propaganda. It is well for us to carefully consider whether our gain is solely the result of our educational work or whether a great part of those new members have joined us without having a clear conception of what the organization stands for or how it operates.

A Serious Question

The question is certainly justified and well worth considering. The terrible pressure brought about by the rapid development of all mechanical devices on the industrial field, as well as the added strength gained by the employers through the perfection of their organizations, trusts and monopolies, has caused many to doubt the soundness of our program of direct action at the point of production. All too many are inclined to doubt their own ability—

through their union operating directly on the job—to bring about the desired relief as well as to create a new social order that will give to the worker the full product of his toil. And just so long as great numbers of our membership fail to give their whole and undivided attention to their union on the job, just so long will we be unable to make any progress. The greatest task before us is to reawaken the interest in our union activity among our disinterested members and make them all active. How can we best accomplish this?

The employers concentrated action against us, their persecutions, blacklists and wage reductions, are something which the I. W. W. has predicted ever since its very inception. They should therefore prove no surprise to us, nor cause us to change tactics. Our whole existence has been one continuous preparation for just such a wholesale onslaught on the part of the master class. Nevertheless, we have changed tactics,—or perhaps ceased to use any tactics at all as we have ceased to be active. Instead of action on the job we make by-laws and resolutions, hold conferences and make speeches. Yet none of these devices will bring us a minute's shorter workday or even a coffee-and under our belt.

But How To Educate?

We all agree that education is our main weapon in our fight, but we differ as to how to conduct our educational work. Yet it seems as though there ought to be unity on that point without much difficulty. The I. W. W. is an organization **on the job**, hence it follows that our educational program must concentrate on the job also. Our college is the job.

Our program is a program of **direct action**. Our education must also be "direct," or an education of practical experiences. In other words, only through our activity on the job do we gain and disseminate knowledge. The moment we cease to be active at the point of production, cease to dig in on the boss' profit, that moment we also cease our educational work, no matter how much ink and paper we might use in explaining our theories and no matter how many colleges or speakers we can maintain. Only in so far as our press, literature, speakers or college can stimulate to action are they of any value. They are all means to an end and not in themselves the final object of our efforts.

It is only waste of time and material to plead for unity of opinions, to censure each other's views, or to resolve all quarrels out of existence. Until such time as we get active again in the field, there will be no unity. But once we catch hold for the wrestling match with our master again we will all be so busily engaged that there will be no time for petty personal squabbles or for some individual pet scheme that otherwise pops up. When we, instead of searching high and low for some subject that

may interest all of us, have a merry fight on hand with our boss, the lumber baron, or the construction contractor, or some other employer, then there will soon be only one issue, one will and one desire, even though our opinions as to how to prosecute the strike may differ.

No Watchful Waiting

In latter years an idea seems to have developed that we should wait to act until, we gathered more strength or else wait to act until we get some voting machinery in order and find out how many more will follow us. All told, we have adopted a program of "watchful waiting". This is the most harmful program we possibly could formulate. In the first case: our organization does not gain strength through waiting but through acting; in the second case: elaborate referendum schemes, when it comes to action, certainly are a poison among the migratory workers who constitute the majority in the I. W. W.

Really what reason is there for a group of workers on a job to wait for others to act with them if that particular job is lined up for action? Is it not a fact that on such a job, waiting will not strengthen us? Every day of waiting shows a number of the most rebellious elements leaving in disgust, or being discharged, until finally we find ourselves too weak to do anything. As a matter of fact, no labor organization has ever died on account of being too active; all have succumbed to the disease, "inactivity".

The labor-turnover in those industries where we have any real strength is so great that even should we be on strike every two weeks we would hardly lose any time. As an illustration, that big job, the Natron Cutoff (Ore.), may well serve. In the camp where these lines are written the total turn-over of the whole working force (about 200 men) is hardly more than 30 days. According to very reliable information about conditions in the other 40 or 50 camps along the line, the turn-over is equally great. Whether we strike or not, we will be kept on the bum anyhow.

Let's get active again, fellow workers, that's our only solution! We certainly have a lot to fight for. Our eight-hour day is on the verge of being drawn out to nine hours, counting time walking out and in; our beds are getting dirty and insanitary; our board is growing rotten, and our pay is smaller. There are millions of unemployed who demand the **six-hour day**, and—first and last—there are hundreds of our most sincere and most devoted fellow workers in the penitentiaries.

Go Forward Or Go Back

Surely we **must** get active or we will lose all we have gained in the past. We must bring loads of papers and literature to the camps and show the parasites that we are still alive and will no longer stand for their censorship. We **must** restore our papers to real live industrial union propaganda and prepare for the still greater task that await sheets, and that can only be done by supplying them

with news from the job;—yes, **Job News**—and demanding that it be published; get active on the job and let our press reflect our activity in its columns, that will induce others to act also.

There is only one way to get rid of politicians and philosophers and to prevent them from occupying us and laying claim to our time and our thoughts, and that is **action**. Let all the vote-hunters, schemers, philosophers and windjammers talk to the empty air and let us instead have a few rounds this Fall with our master. That alone will bring about unity in our ranks and restore our confidence in ourselves. Remember that now more than at any time in the past is the program of the I. W. W. correct. Direct action at the point of production is our only solution more so today than before, more so tomorrow than it is today. Therefore let us be active and prepared for the still greater tasks that await us, in the immediate future.

THIS FREE COUNTRY

(By RUFUS P. HEATH)

THE United States is said to be a free country. Let us see whether or not this is true. First, we find that there are thousands of unemployed workers here, who no doubt would like to have a chance to work in order to earn a livelihood for themselves and their families. Due to the present unemployment situation, they are not permitted to do so.

Who is to blame? No one but those who work, the working class. You and I can't blame the boss if he wants us to work an hour or two extra each day, with the regular straight time rate of pay. That's business, and the boss is a business man. It is to his advantage to have us do extra work for no extra pay. It is our hard luck, so long as we are foolish enough to do it.

That is the trouble now, we were all working too long. The only way for us to regulate the unemployment situation, is to reduce the hours of labor from the present rate of eight, nine and ten, down to six. That would give some of the unemployed a chance to go to work.

The working class through its own ignorance is its own worst enemy. So let us try and educate ourselves, in the working class.

We work long hours for a mere pittance, and we can't buy back the necessities of life with our present day's wage. The result is that we fall victims of the vagrancy law, breadlines or some other misfortune.

As for the vagrancy law, it's great. It helps us to educate and organize the unorganized. If it wasn't for the vagrancy law, it would be much harder for us to educate and organize them than it is with the vagrancy law in force.

Under the present so-called **Free American Capitalist Society**, we are at liberty to work where work is obtainable, under such conditions as the boss is willing to grant us, which is very little, as we all know.

If you can obtain sufficient work to support yourself, that's all right, and if you can't, that's all right too, so far as the boss is concerned. For all he cares, you and your family can starve; he can't be bothered.

You and I worked too hard, too fast, and too many hours per day. We kept up with the modern machine, stacking up surplus commodities so fast that the boss soon got his warehouses full, and there was no market for the surplus products. I don't mean to insinuate that no one needs the products. No! No! What I mean is that the people throughout the country are not able to consume the products, financially speaking; there are thousands of us who need them.

The warehouses being full of these surplus products, with no demand for them, is what causes the boss to lay off his employees, and shut down the industries, thus increasing the ever-growing Army of Unemployed.

The ones who work are the ones that are the support of the world. Labor creates all wealth; without labor nothing can exist. Yet labor, the support of the world, is the one who bears the brunt of the panic. We laborers are the ones who produce all of the good things of life. Yet, it is we that go hungry, ragged and homeless. Many of the workers have families to support. Many of their children are hungry, homeless and ragged. Yet they are the useful members of society.

On the other hand, the capitalist class exploits the working class, and when we try to improve our condition and secure a higher standard of living, the bosses put over criminal syndicalism laws, vagrancy laws and injunctions, and bluff us into submission with the capitalist courts.

At the same time, the church, theatre, capitalist press and radio are all used by the boss to keep our minds attracted and perhaps entertained while the bosses take the bread out of our mouths.



Help! Help! Help!

WHERE are we at? The friends of the present system point to the "billions of savings bank deposits made by wage-earners." At the same time they denounce the extravagance of the working class!

Query: If we save so much as to win admiration, how can we be so extravagant as to justify condemnation? And if we are so extravagant as to call for condemnation, how can we save so much as to arouse admiration?

You answer him, Schmalz. He's schicker (drunk)!

* * *

Henry Ford says "two opposing systems" are at war in the Muscle Shoals struggle: his own and that of the water power trust. But Henry says that his is for service, while the other is for profit.

For a man who has only \$271,618,688—a small part of his enormous profits—in his cash drawer, this is extremely disingenuous.

You tell him what I think of him, Schmalz. I can't; words fail me.

* * *

The Dearborn Independent says that "the damage done by the movies is not the demoralizing but the dementalizing of its patrons."

Nevertheless, people will insist on visiting the movies, without exception. Especially when they know that the movie state, California, is also sending workers to prison for organizing.

Cuss for me again, Schmalz. There's so much to indignate against that I am growing asthmatic and can only swear by proxy.

Super Power

(Continued from page 34)

underground again. It means unemployment for mine managers, superintendents, clerks, firebosses, electricians—not a temporary layoff, but a definite final "goodbye" to the coal regions. It means the closing of special coal lines, miles of idle cars, coal burning locomotives on the scrap pile. It means bankrupted stockholders in coal companies, small business men without customers, parsons with penniless congregations. It means at this distance a very hopeless outlook for the proletariat, despite all the triumphs of technique and chemistry, the harnessing of water and the distillation of coal. New problems will arise for us that must be imperatively met by speedy action. The production of the economic needs of society, the food, clothes, shelter, and culture of the human race, becomes simplified, easier.

We Must Hurry!

We are in the heyday of industrialism. It strides forward leaving the race in its wake trying to figure out new ways, trying to solve the deluge of problems which are sure to come upon us.

If ever there was need for Industrial Unionism, it is today. This IS the time for intelligent workers to try and visualize what is coming upon our class, to plan against it and to meet it half way. It IS a revolution at our doors, not a revolution of the coup d'état type, but a culmination of the triumph of the engineer and chemist over the resources of the earth. Such a world as we expect to see surely cannot mean a continuation of a dispossessed class and these mighty engines as the property of a few financially powerful men and their satellites.

WOBBLES

IN MORAL LOS ANGELES

Some bootleggers in Los Angeles pulled up in front of a dirty house and carried in forty cases of liquor. Upon emerging after completing the unloading, they found a stern looking police lieutenant inspecting their truck. There was not a chance to run, so they faced him.

"Now, look here," thundered the police official, "you are violating the law and you know it. You didn't park within four inches of the curb."

==

WHAT IS LIFE?

(Translated from Swedish by A. Anderson)

What is our life? Yes, if only that I knew,
I would not the answer miss, and would enlighten you.

I have asked the learned to tell me what it be,
And in that matter equally as wise were they.
What is our life? It is that, one wants to know,
If I had thought dare to express, it is I trow
A certain way to live, that one applies
Which ceases in a certain way so soon one dies.

==

IS THE BULLSCHOOL

He had mastered the art of public-speaking, as taught at a modern university, and was giving his first public address after his graduation.

"The schoolwark is the housebull," he began, and stopped abashed at the tittering that followed his remarkable assertion.

"The schoolbull is the housewark—" he was groping blindly. He seized upon the water pitcher and drank deeply.

"The schoolhouse, my friends," triumphantly, "is the woolbark—" He fainted and they carried him out.

==

A MANY SIDED VESSEL

"Son, what sort of a ship is this?"

"A Cruiser."

"Yeah? Where are you going?"

"For a cruise, sir."

"Who's going?"

"The crew, sir."

"What does it run by?"

"It's crew, sir."

"? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?"

==

WHAT'S HEARD

The rails are bad

The ties are worse.

All you can hear

Is "SAFETY FIRST."

THE OWL

By MORTON KOMINERS

THE wise old owl sits in the branches
Watching human beings fight,
The cataclysmic avalanches,
Which destroy them by their might.

The owl does not for progress thunder,
Life he merely does behold;
Does he laugh when humans plunder,
Killing, maiming, searching gold?

Mortal, why this ceaseless hurry,
As you live your weary life,
Why the wishing and the worry,
Find you happiness in strife?

Consider now this wise old rooster,
Sitting in his forest tree,
He's not a Roaster or a Booster,
But he sees eternity.

==

AN ASSET TO THE COUNTRY

"Why, you're only a foreigner," said the 100 percenter; "while I was born in this country."

"Vell," said the foreign-born Swede logger, "my Americanism might be yust as much to be proud of as yours, I tank! You came to dis country 'cause you couldn't help it. Aye came har 'cause aye wanted to. You come har naked. Aye come har with one pair pants, by Yimminy!"



J.F.H.

And Our European Friends Are Wobbling On Along.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

As a Doctor Sees It

On this page and the next are printed some short stories taken from an amazing book, "As A Doctor Sees It," written by Dr. Benzoin Liber, published by The Critic And Guide Company, New York. Price, \$2.00.

The stories are reprinted by consent of the author and publishers. The doctor does not, nor indeed is it his function to, point out the permanent cure for this multitude of human ills which he finds in his daily practise. All that he is supposed to do is to administer such temporary alleviation to suffering as falls within the province of the medical profession. Dr. Liber has gone far enough and has diagnosed the real disease, the grand cause of most of the sickness and despondency, and false optimism, which is poverty. It is our function, as revolutionists, to cure the world of this disease.

MEAT AND FLESH

He is a cook in a very large restaurant. I had not seen him for a year. One of the fingers of the right hand is missing.—What is the matter? What happened to you?—Oh, this? It has been amputated. You see, it was caught in the grinder and was all crushed, mixed with the meat, you know.

BILLS

A young woman.

—When my sickness began? I don't know. . . . But I can trace its beginnings after . . . coal bills and grocery bills. . . . Let me see. . . . It's this way. I did not have a quarter for the gas meter and had no gas, so I could not warm water for baby's bath. That was on March the third. I had no coal and it was very cold and I worried over my debt to the grocer. . . . My rent was also overdue. . . . But, doctor, excuse me for bothering you with these details. . . .

NOT A SCAB

He has just arrived from South America and is ill and starved.—I could have had a job today, but . . . You see, I find an address in the paper; but when I go there, a few boys walk up and down in front of the shop. They call me and tell me there is a strike. Then I say, All right, you don't need to be afraid, I'll not scab. I never did and never will. I say, Goodbye, but they say, You are hungry, and take me to a lunchroom and pay for me and give me a few cents, too.

HE MUST WORK

A man of forty.

—I am out of work for more than five months. My trade is slow. So I went to the Street Cleaning Department and told them I'd do anything. They had me examined and found I had varicose veins of the legs and they won't employ me. Isn't that awful? It's true I have pains; bad pains—that's why I come to you. But that isn't their business. I want to work—pains or no pains. What shall I do? And how about my kids?

Yes, what will he do?

SHE MUST WORK

Husband and wife. He is the patient. Among other things I ask him what he eats. **She answers:**

—You know what poor people eat, the common stuff.

I insist and she blushes while she is telling me what he eats. The poor are often ashamed of their food as they are ashamed of their clothes.

After the examination my verdict is that he must stop working for awhile, if possible. She is jubilant:

—Didn't I tell you? Of course, you got to rest. I'll go to work now.

But he is not easily beaten. He says:

—Come on, I'll work. Maybe I can work that pain right out of me.

FEET AND BOXES

I examine the patient's legs, which are covered with ulcerations.—This is nothing, doctor. You know, I am a driver, and it often happens that the clerks, when they are in a hurry, throw boxes and packages on my feet, especially if there is no more room on the wagon. Of course, my shin-bones get hurt every day and are always sore. They never heal. But this is nothing and I would not have come to you for such a trifle. I meant to tell you that I have a cold.

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS

I am called to a man with a nervous breakdown. In the course of our conversation he tells me, among other things:

—Years ago I used to read very much. I was a Socialist. I knew the Communist Manifesto by heart. I was a workingman and an idealist, and I was always happy. But the devil inspired me to change my opinions, and now . . . now . . . I have a shop with fifty workers. Unfortunately, I am doing good business. I think of nothing but my shop. If I can make something cheaper than my competitor I am glad. I am sinking deeper and deeper into the swamp. For five years I have not read a book. The people I meet are rough

and unlearned; they can sign big checks, but they know nothing except business.

He stopped, cried like a baby, and then continued:

—The other day I met a comrade of the good old days. When he pronounced the word Ibsen, I was moved to tears as at the sight of a dead friend who had become a love again. He left a book in my house by mistake. I read it, and—this is the result.

—Yes, doctor, says his wife, he is weeping and trembling ever since he read that terrible book. He cannot go to the shop.

—What book was it?

HE:—"Oh, it does not matter. It contained ideas, and, if I am to go on with my money-making business, I must not think."

EMBARRASSMENT

I am not easily impressed. I have seen enough empty sleeves, empty trouser-legs and empty eye-sockets. But this patient embarrassed me. A one-armed, half-blind man who was earning a miserable living for his wife and child as a night watch and doing a few odd jobs in a factory. His lungs were tuberculous and he did not know it. It was a hard task to forbid him to stay indoors. Tell him to go to the country? How ridiculous and helpless I was! I felt ashamed.

—Where do you live?

—I live downtown among the workin' stiffs, that's where I hang out.

—What did you do until now?

—Nothin'. I went in to a doctor and he kind o' X-rayed me. But he said . . .

A fit of coughing.

—I don't cough because I cough as a cough. . .

And he could not explain.

I told him the truth, but he did not seem much concerned about himself.

—What'll I do with the kids? They're too small. And the wife is weak. What'll I do?

GASSED

Why I don't get married, doctor? I cannot. I must support my brother who has been gassed at the front. He is unable to work yet, and he does not get enough from the government. And then, my old mother.

ANOTHER WAR SUFFERER

He, too, has been in the trenches. Has not been injured physically. "Not a scratch," as he says. But his mind is abnormal. He has been gassed mentally, so to speak. He feels himself guilty of some imaginary gruesome crime, and calls himself "assassin." He has strange visions which do not let him sleep. When he hears a detonation from an auto he runs for cover, being convinced that it is a cannon hurling shells at him. All basements are trenches.

—I am an assassin, he whines, I am here to kill people. But I don't want to kill them, I don't want to!

SABOTAGE

Many times I have had to deal with authorities. I have often been a witness before courts in accident cases and, although I was usually instrumental in winning my patients' trials, my memories of the days spent among the representatives of justice are very unpleasant. I have never been bored as much as there.

Nor do the police belong to my agreeable acquaintances. I love them when they regulate the street traffic and I adore them each time they save somebody from fire, in spite of the fact that they sometimes wake me up from a sweet and much needed sleep and bring me some wounded person to treat. I could have kissed the big, childish "cop" who was my only assistant when a girl in my neighborhood was attacked in the middle of the night, gagged and beaten senseless by some brutal ruffian who had jumped in through the window.

But I hate policemen when they take a hand in strikes. Then I usually get my share of work in dressing the victims of their hard, heavy, stout clubs. I was in a hostile mood when a broad-shouldered, tall young man stepped into my office.

He was a candidate for the job of policeman. He had to be examined physically and the hearing of one of his ears was defective. He wanted me to do something to improve his hearing for one day. He said that he had a good "pull" and that one of the bigger "bugs" among the examiners was in his sleeve too . . . "You know . . ." Which meant that he had bribed him.

I had a moment of revolt. I felt offended and was going to show him the door, as my record in this respect was as clean as life would permit it. But I remembered what the police had done to some poor wretches the day before and I chuckled with delight. I had an opportunity to take a little revenge on the system and I could not let it slip by.

An artificial drum did the trick.

And now I see him often in uniform lazying on his beat.

NO END

—I have seen you about five years ago.

—Yes.

—What is your occupation?

—Still pressing vests. I guess I'll have to do that my whole life. My job is never done. Sometimes I think I'm getting crazy. It's so monotonous, so uninteresting, so . . .

THE END

I have been called too late. I find her dead. Her face looks like old bronze covered with greenish "patina." Her knees are drawn up to her chin. She may be mistaken for a mummy.

Her shop colleague tells me her story, which is very plain and common: She has worked her whole life in shops and factories.—And now it is the end.

Sea Power

(Continued from page 6)

higher man about two feet astern of the man below, and two feet higher, on nine inch seats. Each man could put his feet on a foot rest on the seat in front of him. One hand had to be held at a peculiar angle, awkward at first, in order to avoid bumping the neighbor with the oar. Rowers were literally "packed like sardines in a box," and the maximum power was given to the ship—or so they thought at that time.

Standardized Product

The Athenians (the greatest of the Greek naval powers, reaching their height in the fifth century B. C.) put out from their ship yards a standardized galley. (See how capitalistic practices such as standardization naturally apply to shipping.) The length of this ship (trireme) was 128 feet exclusive of a ten foot ram. The breadth at the water line was fourteen feet, the extreme breadth was eighteen feet, exclusive of a two foot gangplank which ran lengthwise of the ship, all around, over the oars, and was used for fighting. This trireme carried a regular crew of 174 rowers, ten marines, and twenty seamen. She couldn't carry much cargo.

The ships of the Romans and of the Carthaginians who succeeded the Athenian Greeks as naval powers were about the same as the Greek vessels, except for a tendency (afterwards abandoned) to use ships of four and five banks of oars.

After the destruction of Carthage by Rome, the latter's need for ocean commerce decreased, and the state became a great landlord and serf empire, drifting slowly toward feudalism. Shipping declined, and boats were made smaller instead of larger.

In fact, they started all over again, after the downfall of Rome, and the Mediterranean people made a discovery. They found that if they used one bank of oars instead of several, and put four or five men to each oar, they economized space even more than the trireme did, and got more power per oar. All medieval galleys are distinguished from the ancient galleys by this, that the ancients went on the theory of "one man, one oar," and the later shipmen introduced social or co-operative labor, even into the rowing of a single oar.

The Civilizing Compass

Then the great discovery was made—or rather, there was a discovery combined with an evolution and development of two old discoveries. The compass was introduced into general use. We call this a discovery, because, though it is undoubtedly true that the Chinese had a compass long before it appeared in the West, there is no evidence that the western compass came from the East, and in any event, its widespread use, very suddenly, seems to be characteristic of a real discovery.

It is hard to overestimate the importance to the



THE GALLEON

The First Ship Really Designed For Ocean Traffic. No Oars At All.

history of mankind of this single event, and its immediate quickening effect on all other inventions was almost miraculous. The compass appeared about 1100, and in 1115 the first three-masted sailing ship was launched, at Venice, the first of a type which soon developed into the historic galleass and into the "great round ship," and the galleon—all sail ship, not galleys, though the galleass has sweeps for occasional use.

The connection between this improvement of ships and the compass is easy to see. With the compass, a course can be laid out and steered out of sight of land. Navigators in the Mediterranean could steer by stars, before this, though they usually did not, for fear of clouds and storms. But in the northern waters of the Atlantic, to which Venetian and Genoan ships after this regularly sailed, and in which native shipping increased the storms and fogs were a constant risk, and little commerce was possible before the compass. Such Viking traffic in galleys as had been there was not merchant traffic; at the best it was colonization; at the usual worst it was murder and robbery. Ocean trade was made possible by the compass, direct voyaging was made possible by it, with a great shortening of the trade routes. The art of navigation immediately developed, the

sextant came into use, and the building of larger ships, using sails as their prime source of power, big enough to be relatively safe from pirate galleys, was the step that followed immediately. The galley was still used for war until the general employment of cannon about 1450 gave the big sailing ship with its heavy broadside of 24 and 42 pounders an advantage over the necessarily smaller row boat.

Some Factory System

The big sailing vessel stimulated ocean exploration; the discovery of the route around Africa, and of the Americas, hurried along a change in human affairs that had already got well under way. Money was to be made by merchant adventuring; there was for the first time a world market; all the arts and crafts were stimulated; manufacture developed rapidly in the towns; new materials were brought back from the near East by crusaders (ferried over there on Venetian ships); and this manufactured stuff, as well as the spices of the Orient, was carried by sea. A capitalist class developed, and their source of wealth was the sea, first of all. They invested their hordes of capital in factories, even before machinery was invented. The assembling of large numbers of workers in the same shop developed division of labor, and the machine came to do the now mechanical processes of weaving, spinning, etc. The world turned capitalist, and one invention followed another. The old deadly routine through which all the civilizations from Egypt to Rome had gone, was broken.

The countries which turned capitalist first were those which were best adapted for shipping. The Italian cities were too far out of the ocean lanes to compete with the Portuguese.

The Portuguese were not able to defend themselves on the land side from Spain. Spain itself, being a big agricultural country, and nearly continental at that, failed to carry on her sea power very long. One reason was that her colonies were primarily sources of precious metals, and not of useful products. The wealth that comes from gold and silver mines is a very unstable foundation for national greatness. The mines work out.

The German cities came almost to winning the great prize. The group of several hundred cities called the "Hanseatic League" was developing capitalism in Germany over night. But the Hanseatic League had as its chief source of revenue the trade in herring, which they caught in the North and Baltic seas. For some reason, the herring, about 1400, all left the waters easily reached by the ships of the Hansa and went to English and Dutch waters. Amsterdam was "founded on the herring."

Some "Primitive Accumulation"

Holland turned bourgeois pretty fast. The "Beggars of the Sea," Dutch ship owners, smuggling, engaging in piracy, landing and plundering at times

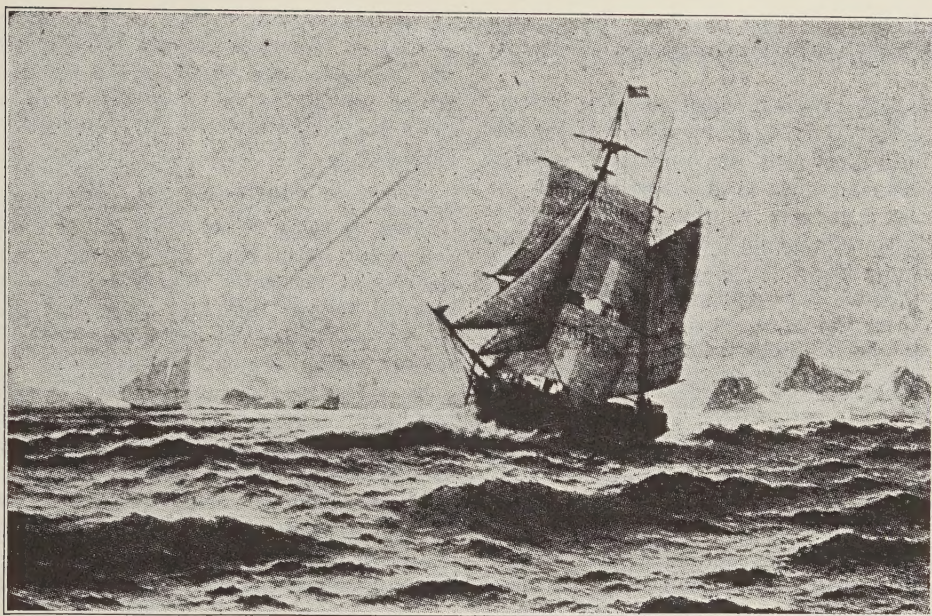


FIGHTING FOR THE CARRYING TRADE
Dutch Ships At the Time Holland's Merchant and Military Sea Power Was Highest. Better And Faster Than the Galleon.

on hostile coasts, trading East Indian spices, silks, perfumes, to Spain at the very time their country was fighting a war of life and death with the Spanish government, taking revenge for the hanging of Dutch protestants by cheating Spanish Catholics, laid the foundation of the sea power of Holland. The country was a natural harbor, with water communication with the interior.

But England, even better situated, based her commercial ascendancy on the textile trade (for which the British isles could supply both flax and wool) and in which the use of machinery for manufacture was introduced before it came to any other industry. Capitalism by 1680 had so firm a hold in Western Europe that national ascendancy depended rather on manufacturing advantages than on commercial. In the end, England won supreme control of the sea, commercially, and militarily. Her control was riveted tighter by the change to steam power (invented in America in the early 19th. century—the *Cleremont* sailed in 1807) and by the use of steel ships (common by 1870). England's one disadvantage had been the necessity of importing "naval stores." Now she made whatever was needed in her iron foundries.

It may be noted here that as the first lunge of capitalism for power, in the later middle ages was accompanied by, and probably caused by, the change from the oar and sail to the sail alone as the chief motive power of ships, so the change from small scale bourgeois production to large scale, monopolistic production was accompanied by, and to some considerable extent caused by, the change in ocean going ships from the sail to steam as the chief motive power.



BRIGANTINES

A Favorite Type of Sailing Vessel During the Nineteenth Century When English Merchants Controlled the Seas.

SECTION III—SEA POWER FOR WORKERS

Enough has now been said to give an inkling of what sea power is, and of its importance to the capitalist class. It was the chief factor in the formation of capitalism, such as it was, in ancient times. It was the chief factor, if not the only factor, that brought on the renaissance of crafts, and introduced the latest period of invention, leading to the industrial revolution, and modern capitalism. Capitalism implies trade, and for long centuries, trade was principally ocean trade. The more progressive countries of the world were those which depended most largely on ocean trade. Any power which could cut off the right or the ability of these countries to trade, could destroy them.

Naturally, when in group struggles between capitalists, one national group finds itself in command of the seas, it not only can ruthlessly cut off all trade of its opponent, but it also is able to sever communications in a military sense; it can isolate those positions of its enemies' forces as are on separate islands, or continents, and overwhelm them one at a time with superior numbers. Unless there is land communication between the rival groups of capitalists, the one with greatest sea power can choose the time and place of battle, or can avoid battle altogether if it wishes.

A few examples may be instructive. The Phoenician empire of trade was brought under control of the Persians when they were able to organize Greek city navies enough to conquer the hitherto nearly impregnable city of Tyre. Tyre was safe, except

from the sea, and had a short time before this (577-590 B. C.) resisted a thirteen-year siege by the Great Nebuchadnezzar, head of the most powerful armed force of his time, but a land force.

The most famous conflict of the Romans, their three wars with Carthage (264-146 B. C.) was a victory for the strongest sea power, though that power was "artificial." In the second Punic war, Hannibal, operating from Spain as a base, would have certainly conquered the Italian peninsula if he could have used the sea ways for his transportation. He lost half his army by the long, perilous trip around by land through the Alps, and nearly won then. The reason he did not was because the Romans, using water transportation, since they were in control of the Mediterranean and had beaten the Carthaginian fleet, landed armies in Spain; and cut Hannibal's communications.

Navy Wins for England

Similarly, in the Napoleonic wars, the most important national struggles before the last great war, France was beaten largely by the English control of the sea. The routes of communication between France itself and the French colonies were cut by the British navy, and the colonies became so useless to Napoleon that he sold the most important of them to neutral countries.

Napoleon was beaten largely because the English could not be reached by his armies as long as the English channel was occupied by English fleets. Napoleon's hopes of building up a great fleet that

would beat Nelson and open up a way for invasion of England, were dashed to pieces at Trafalgar (1805).

In the Napoleonic wars, Napoleon must be considered as representing the business men of France, for whom his government was peculiarly suitable. (The Code Napoleon has been called the best set of commercial laws ever written.) The business interests of France stood squarely behind him, until British blockades began to hurt, and the possibility of destroying their chief commercial rivals, the British, became more and more remote. Then they abandoned him, and he fell. But Britain and her capitalists retained the mastery of the seas, and the French capitalists have had to be in second place, or lower, ever since.

There is no longer any doubt, we take it, as to "who won the world war."

The Blockade Kills

The strangling effect of the allied navy was irresistible. The commercial blockade was thus made prominent as the most terrible weapon of modern warfare. It had been used before, with good results (for the victors) by the North against the South in the American civil war, and also, of course, by the British against Napoleon. But its usefulness (to the victors) has increased immensely since 1864, and still more since 1914. Modern civilization has resulted, in every commercial country, in a population too large for simple agriculture to support. There is a complicated, intricate, delicately adjusted extractive, manufacturing, and commercial apparatus, depending on foreign trade for disposal of the surplus value, and also for certain very important raw materials. For instance, in the world war, German industry was wrecked because it was unable to get oil and rubber, two necessities for their factories. The machinery of production wore out, the people starved, the armies were beaten, for lack of "morale," and lack of fats. The one hope German capitalism had of winning was superior naval power, based on a new weapon, the submarine, and that failed.

As for the future, even the submarine uses oil, and half the battle for oil fields is a fight for control of the sea, through control of the fuel that gives control of the sea. No one knows what will happen, but there will probably be at least one great war, between capitalist nations, for control of the Pacific. Probably there will be another war for control of the Atlantic. Now, as in the time of Greece and Tyre, control

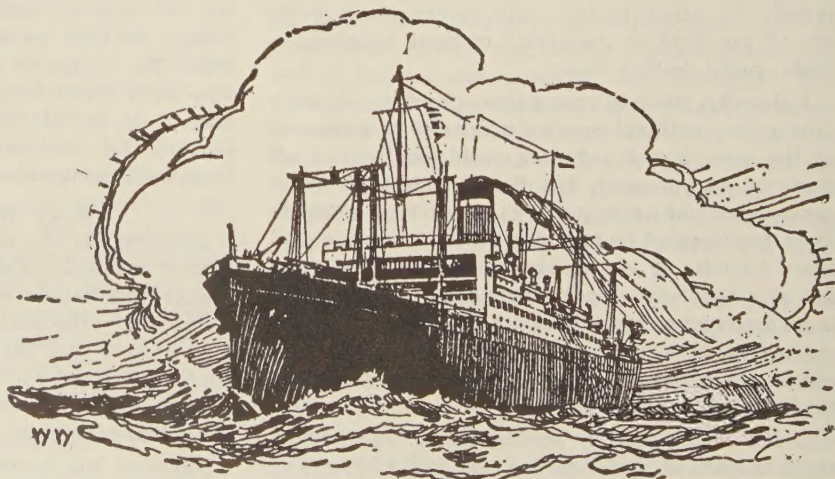
of the sea ways is control of the rich to colonize, and trade. There is also the terrible new weapon, the blockade, and there is the necessity of disposing of surplus value; if any capitalist country finds its foreign markets cut off, from now on, it shall perish.

Invincible Sea Power

Now we begin to see some of the possibilities of sea power. And since sea power is, principally in these days, the power to declare and enforce blockades, it follows that any force that can stop the ships from moving can exert sea power. It does not matter whether the ships lie in harbor because their owners fear hostile gunfire, or because the firemen will not make steam, the longshoremen will not move cargo, or the seamen perform their functions. In fact, the latter blockade is likely to prove even more damaging than the first, because the mere inaction of large numbers of workers cannot be relied upon—they will talk, they will agitate, and other sections of the proletariat can be influenced.

The sea power of the workers on and around the ships consists, not only then in their ability to tie up the ships, as terrible a disaster as this must be to capitalism, if it is thoroughly and properly carried out, but in their ability to propagate dangerous ideas—dangerous to capitalism. The seaman goes everywhere—his outlook is world wide,—his acquaintance with many countries and many languages gives him an international, cosmopolitan character and point of view hard to equal in any other industry.

When it comes to international labor movements, and they all have their international aspect these days, with Judge Gary and the Fascisti, and Morgan buying up German industry, the seaman's point of view is extremely valuable. Travel has broadened him, he has fewer fetishes, fewer romantic notions; he knows the hard facts, in all their relation to each other.



OCEAN LINER
Built of Steel, Turbine Driven, Electrically Steered, Equipped With Wireless. The End of the Story—So Far.

A Talk With the Reader

Let's have a quiet understanding. The Editorial staff of Industrial Pioneer feels that this magazine has been doing fairly well, but we are not satisfied. We are running on a basis of ten thousand copies an issue. At that rate, selling each copy for 15 cents with return privileges or 12½ cents without, we can put out this sort of a magazine—48 pages, two color cover, illustrated by about 20 new cuts.

Now we want to improve. We want to get closer to the industries. At present we think we are getting a lot of good stuff, volunteered, but it is obviously the work of a very few men, and however well they know their industry, they can not avoid the limitations that are inherent in the fact that they see only a small corner of it, that part where they are.

What we must do, if we are to give the working class of America the new, accurate, and exhaustive industrial articles they need, is to have some one on the ground, whenever and wherever industrial struggles loom up. At present we are using volunteer correspondents, and we have more real industrial information than any other magazine in the world. But with more funds, to send correspondents, traveling to the centers of industrial strife, where they can get a look at the situation with their own trained eyes, and write it up with their practised pens, we could make this Industrial Pioneer ever so much more interesting.

We ought to have 64 pages, instead of a cramped 48, and we ought to have hundreds of photographs of industry, wage slavery, class-war, photographed on the spot by our own men. We ought to have at least half a dozen more departments. We should have, especially, a regular monthly review of the more important events of the month—and it should be illustrated. We need experts in charge of departments on wage rates, and unemployment, we need charts on the movement of migratory workers, the rise and fall of production, the effect of strikes on wages and production, and the introduction of inventions, and their effects on the workers.

We need expert observers, workers, but trained to see and trained to write, residing abroad in the more industrialized foreign countries, and in steady correspondence with us.

All these things are for the future. We can't do more than we are doing, with the circulation we have. Make our circulation twenty thousand and we can have some of these improvements. Make it 50,000 and we can carry out the whole program outlined above. Does 50,000 seem too extravagant a thing to ask for? There are thirty million wage slaves in the United States alone.

We're not complaining—we're merely pointing out to you, Fellow Workers, what can be done, with a little more support. Have you got your subscription to Industrial Pioneer yet? Your bundle order? Your book of sub blanks?



DON'T BE A DEAD ONE!



DENVER IWW HALL

Don't Be A Dead One! Be Alive, Like These Guys!

THE CITY

By MELVILLE KRAMER.

Sphinx like the city stands amidst the great
Deserts of plenty, like a harlot stands,
Singing a tune of love that cloaks her hate,
And beckoning mankind with outstretched hands;
Fair maidens flock into each cabaret,
In dress and in demeanor gross and bold,
They drink and dance by night and sleep by day,
And write their lives in characters of gold.

Within the city's bounds some millions slave,
Some millions that would otherwise be free,
So that her parasites may court the grave,
And waste their lives in rank debauchery,
And thus before the ravages of lust,
The gilded Sphinx becomes a mass of rust.

